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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. BARNHORN, Editor.
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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Local Matters.

Representative Council.

Although there was considerable debate over the new John Clarke school, the session of the representative council on Wednesday evening was not a very long one. Many matters were taken up, and the council did not appear to favor any increase in the appropriation for the school, resending from the vote directing the board of aldermen to stop work on the revision of the plans. There were many absentees, only 119 members being present when the roll was called.

The board of aldermen presented a communication stating that \$30,000 would be necessary to build the John Clarke school in accordance with the original plans; also recommending that the board be instructed not to install the new light at Kay street and Rhode Island avenue, to which objection had been made by abutters. The latter was taken up first, and several members thought it a rather late hour for the abutters to find out that they objected. The resolution to eliminate the light failed of passage.

A resolution was passed appropriating \$35 for repairs to the exterior of the old City Hall in accordance with a recommendation of the board of aldermen. A petition from George W. Sherman asking the city to retain the Fire Station No. 1, for storage and other purposes was received but no action taken. A petition for a street light on Main street was received.

The Dearborn street trees were the next topic. The committee of ten recommended that the trees be trimmed, the sidewalk improved, and the street properly lighted. Resolutions were passed appropriating \$300 for the repair of the sidewalk, \$200 for trimming the trees, and ordering incandescent electric lights installed.

An ordinance to prevent the burning of rubbish within the fire limits in any street, alley or vacant lot was passed, after a penalty of \$20 had been added. An amendment to the building ordinance, fathered by Dr. Beck, was laid on the table.

A communication from the school committee regarding the John Clarke school was read. It suggested a conference to see if by the use of other materials the building could be built according to the original plans. A resolution providing for the appointment of a committee from the council to confer with the school committee and report back recommendations was laid on the table by the close vote of 55 to 57.

The board of aldermen were called upon for a statement of the situation. Alderman Hughes declared that a suitable building could be built for the money available, but the plans will have to be modified very materially. Superintendent Lull took the floor and explained what the school committee desired, and explained the layout of the building according to the original plans. He answered a number of questions by members of the council. Mr. J. J. Peckham made a sharp criticism of the needless hurry of the plan and was warmly applauded.

Judge Burke brought up the question of law, as to who had the right to build the building, the school committee or board of aldermen, and this caused considerable discussion. Finally a resolution was passed resending from the resolution ordering the board of aldermen to cease work on revised plans and report to the council. This would seem to mean that the board is authorized to proceed with the revision. The council then adjourned.

Mrs. George Leander Baker will speak on "Saint George" the property of Miss Elva Mace during the coming season.

Board of Aldermen

The board of aldermen held a meeting on Tuesday evening for the purpose of getting some matters into shape for the meeting of the representative council Wednesday evening, but more particularly for the purpose of looking further into the purchase of the new motor fire apparatus. Members of the re-organization committee were present, as well as representatives of two manufacturers. No definite conclusion was reached, but the board appeared to be somewhat dissatisfied both with the specifications and the price.

It was reported that the specification had been prepared for the wooden block pavement on Broadway, and that they were under consideration in the street commissioner's office. The board further considered the matter of the electric light at Rhode Island avenue and Kay street, to which objection had been made, and decided to refer the question back to the council. The matter of repairs to the exterior of the old City Hall was also referred to the council. Alderman Hughes reported that about \$25 would be required for repairs.

A petition was received from the permanent members of the fire department asking that a change be made in the shifts prescribed for use with their uniforms, on the ground of expense. The petition was referred to the committee on rules and regulations. Karl Postel, agent for the Ahrens-Fox motor apparatus, presented a communication offering to include self starters with his machines at the same figure as quoted before, and also to allow \$1500 for the old engines, which is \$500 more than the LaFrance offered.

The board then began a study of the figures and specifications as presented by the LaFrance representative. An attempt was made to compare them with those for Chemical No. 2, which is a LaFrance machine. The specifications seemed to differ considerably, and the members of the board did not approve of the changes. It seemed that if the department was to be standardized, it should show in the specifications. There was considerable talk about the change in ignition system, the make of extinguishers, chemical tanks and various other matters. It was figured that the bidders would receive considerably more for each machine than they did on the No. 2 chemical when there was competitive bidding.

There was some suggestion of referring the whole matter back to the council, together with the figures on the Ahrens-Fox apparatus, and thus opening up the whole matter again. However this was not done, the board instructing Mr. Arter to obtain the lowest prices, individually, for complete equipment and various extras, and present them to the board later.

The weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening was a strenuous one, bids being opened for various supplies and the session continuing until about midnight, leaving a few contracts to be decided later. It was one of the greatest nights for bids in the history of the board.

After the transaction of considerable routine business the board began to open bids. Fire hose came first, and the city departed from its practice of several years by dividing the 1600 foot order, and awarding 500 feet to J. T. O'Connell and 500 feet to the Newport Engineering Works. The prices were much lower than has been paid heretofore.

There were several bids for a typewriter, desk and chair, and the William P. Clarke Company got the contract at \$135. For a car for the Deputy Chief of the fire department bids were offered for Ford, Overland and Reo, and board voted four to one to buy an Overland from the Newport Engineering Works, this being the same make that the Chief uses. Bids for a service truck for the fire department were more complicated and a committee was appointed to investigate and report back next Tuesday. The trucks offered were Kelly-Springfield, Buick, Republic, Auto Car, Reo, Federal, White, Chase, Signal, and Jeffery.

The contract for granite sidewalk was won by Hector M. Henry, at 50 cents per square yard; for 75,000 gallons of asphalt to the Standard Oil Company at .65; for blue stone curbing to Maher Bros.; for trap rock to J. P. Sullivan. The contract for printing the City Documents and Tax Lists went to the Mercury Publishing Company, and for six fire hydrants to the Newport Water Works.

There were many bids for a 12-passenger police patrol wagon, and the matter was referred to the committee on police station to report next Tuesday. The cars offered were Pierce Arrow, Cadillac, Knox, Auto Car, Jeffery, Buick, White, and Wylys Union.

March Cold at Last.

March showed more strenuous life in its closing days than it did in the beginning, the weather of the last few days having been quite severe. Tuesday morning there was an attempt at a blizzard, which for a time promised to be the real thing. The temperature was low for the season, being about 22 at sunrise and the air was filled with snow for some time. The flakes were dry and fine, and there was every indication of a prolonged snow storm. At the hour for sounding the no school signal, the air was full of snow, and Superintendent Lull was in serious doubt as to the advisability of holding school that morning. However, he decided not to ring the signal and at the hour for opening school the storm had abated considerably. By 10 o'clock the sun struggled through and the last snow storm of the winter (perhaps) was over. There was more snow here than there was in Providence, the storm appearing to follow the shore. In the vicinity of Warren, but little snow fell and that soon disappeared under the rays of the sun.

The temperatures have hung unreasonably low all the week, with little indication of the approach of spring. In the middle west there are cold spots still reported on their way east, and in the south the cold spells have done much damage. In this vicinity the weather has merely caused inconvenience, as the farmers have been able to work their land regularly, and have nothing in the ground that frosts could harm. We still need rain very badly, the long dry spell being almost unprecedented for this season of the year.

Easter Sunday.

Tomorrow will be Easter, the great spring festival day. Preparations have been going on for many months for this season in many different ways. The stores have displayed their spring stocks and have generally had a satisfactory amount of business when everything is taken into account. If the weather should be good to-morrow there will probably be quite a display of new Easter millinery on the streets, but the date falls this year rather early. It has sometimes come in March, but about the middle of April is more springlike and more conducive to a display of new frocks.

There will be special services in all the churches to-morrow, special music having been arranged for the occasion, and in many cases specially arranged choirs have been engaged. At the vesper service at Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones will deliver a special sermon to the members of St. John's, St. Paul's and Eureka Lodges, P. & A. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T. These organizations have accepted the invitation to be present and a large attendance is expected.

The public schools have closed for their Easter vacations and will not reopen until Monday, April 12th.

Telephone Reduction.

The Providence Telephone Company have voluntarily reduced their rates for Newport and it will be most acceptable to the many users of the telephone in this city. The rates dating from April 1st will be for limited service, 60 messages a year, single party line \$38 instead of \$40, for two party line \$39 instead of \$42. For unlimited residence service single party line \$34 reduced from \$42, two party line \$39 instead of \$45.

The members of the Board of Trade think that their Merchant's week was a success, a large number of people having come out to look over the stocks, and many stores reporting an unusual number of buyers. A feature of the week, on Monday, was an unknown shopper known as "Miss Buyer" who would present \$10 in gold to the person recognizing her and using the right formula in announcing her discovery. The day passed without her identity being revealed, and then it was announced that Mrs. Joseph S. Milne had played the part.

Preparations are going forward for the special election in the fifth representative district to choose a successor to Mr. John B. Sullivan, although it seems likely that the General Assembly will have adjourned before the date for the election. Incidentally a recent meeting of the Democratic city committee, in connection with preparations for the election is said to have developed a storm of some magnitude, three members of the committee being accused of various misdeeds toward the party.

Building work on the Lawton lot on Broadway has begun in earnest.

The weather has been very Marchy since April came in.

Capt. William Champion is seriously ill at his residence.

Recent Deaths.

William H. Crandall.

Mr. William H. Crandall, a veteran of the Civil War and one of the oldest active Masons in Newport, died on Tuesday evening at the residence of his daughter on Summer street. He had been gradually failing for some months, death being due to diseases incident to his advanced age of eighty years. In spite of his infirmities he retained consciousness until the end. Since the death of his wife some eight years ago, he had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Fred M. Hammett.

Mr. Crandall was born in South Kingstown, R. I., on Dec. 20, 1833, but had made Newport his home practically all his life. While still very young he decided to go to sea, starting in as cabin boy and working his way up to mate, having voyaged to many distant lands. He learned the carpenter's trade with his father who was a building contractor, and had worked at this trade at different times during his long life.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Navy, and saw active service during his two year enlistment, serving as master's mate for the greater part of the time. Upon returning to Newport he was engaged in the grocery business for a time, afterward resuming his trade as a carpenter, and being also employed in several Newport establishments.

Mr. Crandall had long been an active Mason, and took a deep interest in the Craft. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. & A. M., DeBols Council, No. 5, R. S. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and had attained the 32nd degree in Scottish Rite Masonry. He was a member of old Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and continued his membership in Lawton-Warren Post at the time of his death. In all of these bodies he was a regular attendant, and had held a number of offices.

He was a man of strong beliefs, who clung tenaciously to that which he believed to be right, but he was of a cheerful and companionable disposition, and all who knew him esteemed him highly.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Charles B. Crandall, and one daughter, Mrs. Fred M. Hammett. Another daughter, Mrs. William L. Frank died about five years ago.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Summer street on Friday afternoon, and were attended by a large gathering. The remains were escorted from the residence to the grave by Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., and Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. The Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave by the officers of St. John's Lodge.

The bearers were Sir Knights Andrew K. McMahon, James H. Hampton, and Edward L. Smith from the Commandery, and Past Masters William B. Scott, Robert W. Curry and Duncan McLean from the Lodge, Messrs. McMahon and Hampton also representing Lawton-Warren Post.

John B. F. Smith.

Mr. John B. Smith, a veteran of the Civil War, having the distinction of serving in both the army and navy in that great contest, died at his home on John street early Thursday morning. He was eighty-one years of age, and for the past two months had been failing steadily.

Mr. Smith was one of the old native Newporters, having been born here on May 3, 1833. He learned the painter's trade, but when the Civil War broke out and the call came for men to serve in the great army that must be raised, he threw down his tools and promptly tendered his service to his country. He became a member of the well known Company F of the First Rhode Island, made up almost entirely of Newporters, and saw service in the Battle of Bull Run. This was a three months regiment, and when his enlistment expired Mr. Smith returned to Newport, but afterward enlisted in the navy, with which he served for more than a year. He attained the rank of acting ensign.

Upon returning to Newport Mr. Smith was for a few years a member of the city watch, the predecessor of the present police force, during which time he had a number of interesting and exciting experiences. The city was not as quiet and orderly in those days as it is now, and at times the night watch had some lively struggles with the rowdies.

In 1893, he engaged in business as a painter, opening the shop on John street which he occupied until his death. In 1904 he took Mr. William H. Young into partnership under the firm name of John B. F. Smith & Co.

order. He was of a very companionable nature, and was an interesting conversationalist, having many warm friends. A few years ago his wife died, and his only near relative is a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, who lives in Washington.

A Newport Boy.

The Boston Globe says: Dr. Frank H. Holt has resigned as assistant superintendent of the City Hospital, a position he held 11 years, to become superintendent of the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. The resignation will take effect April 15 and on that day Dr. Holt will complete 22 years of service as a member of the City Hospital staff.

Dr. Holt in his new position as superintendent of the Michael Reese Hospital will receive a salary of \$5000 a year, which is a substantial increase over what he has received in Boston.

Dr. Holt entered the City Hospital May 29, 1893, and was appointed assistant superintendent on Jan. 1, 1904. A year after going to the hospital he entered the Harvard Medical School and received the degree of MD from Harvard in 1899. While attending Harvard he also attended the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and received his Ph.D. in 1895. He is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Boston Medical Library Association and the Boston Society for Medical Sciences.

Dr. Holt was born in Newport and was the son of the late John M. Holt. He has many relatives here who will be pleased to learn of his promotion.

Memorial Service.

The fiftieth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln will be observed by a memorial service to be held at Mt. Zion, A. M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, April 14. The Martyr President was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865. At the memorial service to be held here, Mr. D. B. Allen will preside, Rev. H. N. Jeter will act as master of ceremonies. The invocation will be offered by Austin Battle, the eulogy on Lincoln will be pronounced by Rev. C. L. Miller, reminiscences of Lincoln will be given by Rev. T. W. Henderson, and the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address will be by Miss Ruth Burton. The Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., will attend in a body and there will be some excellent singing. America will be sung and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic," will be a part of the musical programme. The public is invited.

A Block Island Question.

A stormy time is expected at Block Island to-day when a financial town meeting will be held to consider the matter of leasing the bathing beach. There are two strong factions in the town regarding this matter, but whether both will be represented at the town meeting is a question. A bill has been introduced in the General Assembly conferring upon the town council authority to lease the beach, but those who are pushing the town meeting do not like the bill. It is understood that the New Shoreham delegation in the General Assembly is divided on the subject, the Senator taking one side, and the Representative the other.

An improvement in the mail service is noted in the resumption of registered mail by the Wickford line. Some time ago an order was issued, requiring all registered mail from New York and the West to be carried to Boston and brought down to Newport from there, in order to keep it in the custody of the regular mail clerks. This caused much delay and the order has now been rescinded, the registered mail coming across from Wickford in the early morning, as formerly.

Colonel William Jay, who died at White Sulphur Springs on Saturday last, was well known in Newport. He was a descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and was himself a well known member of the bar. He was a devotee of coaching and other sports, and had often led the coaching parties in Newport in years gone by.

Miss Mildred Minkler of the Commercial department of the Rogers High School will receive a handsome gold medal from the Remington Company for proficiency in typewriting, having attained a speed of 60 words a minute for 10 minutes. The medal has arrived at the school and will be presented at the graduating exercises.

The Hebrew residents of the city have been observing the Passover during the week, special services having been held in the Synagogue with good attendance.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Esther Sophia Greenland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Greenland, and Mr. Henry A. Rankin of St. Louis.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

HEARING ON SCHOOL QUESTION.

A good number attended the public hearing held at the town hall Monday evening to discuss the school situation. The affair was arranged by Mr. Fred P. Webber of the School Committee, and Mr. William L. Brown, chairman, presided. The speakers were the Hon. J. J. Peckham, Superintendent of Schools, State School Commissioner Walter E. Ranger of Providence and Rev. E. E. Wells. The situation was presented by the members of the School Board, Mr. Peckham stating that he considered the proposition presented by the School Committee to be one of the most important to come before the town. Mr. Ranger urged the creation of a larger and better sentiment; for education today, is for all of the public not for any individual-only as they are included in the whole. An educated child is a distinct asset. Rev. Mr. Wells felt that people should be far sighted enough to realize the distinct benefit that would be gained, by better education privileges and that a graded central school would very soon prove its superiority over the present system. The future enters largely into this problem as the population is increasing rapidly. There was a good representation of women, including several teachers in the town.

The Womens Foreign Missionary Society held their monthly meeting, postponed from early in March, on Tuesday at the M. E. Church parlors. Mrs. E. E. Wells presided, in the absence of the president, Mrs. Fred Smith. Plans were made to send a box in April to a boy's school at Singapore, India. The program was devoted to "The Child at Play and at Work."

The members of Holy Cross Guild are planning to hold their usual monthly supper next Thursday evening at the Guild House.

AQUIDNECK GRANGE.

Aquidneck Grange had quite a delegation of visitors last week at its regular meeting all of the six Granges of the County being represented but Little Compton. Worthy Master John Nicholson appointed the committee of three, requested by the State Master Joseph A. Peckham, to co-operate with the schools in regard to the introduction of agriculture and domestic science. The following were named: Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham of the Public School Committee, Mr. R. Wallace Peckham, and Mr. Philip Caswell. Following the reading of a communication regarding an act to increase the yearly maintenance fund and general equipment of Kingston College, a resolution was endorsed petitioning the General Assembly to this effect.

Remarks were made by State Master Peckham, Worthy Master of Newport County Pomona Grange, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton, Worthy Master George Caleb Carr of Jamestown, and Jesse Durfee of Portsmouth Grange. At the conclusion of degree work the lecturer's hour was thrown open to the public and a fine literary program presented by Arthur J. Rhodes, of Jamestown, and selections by Mr. Fred P. Webber. Tables were afterward brought in and an elaborate collation served, during which a musical program was rendered upon a victrola. About a hundred were present. On Thursday next at the town hall, the lecturer's hour will be devoted to a complimentary dance tendered Portsmouth Grange.

No meeting of the Oliphant Club was held this week on account of Good Friday. Next week, the annual meeting will be held with Miss Eliza Sherman, who will conduct a program upon Peace.

Mrs. Jesse La Valley entertained the members of the Paradise Club on Wednesday. It was voted, after much general discussion of the school question, to endorse the proposition presented by the Public School Committee for a central graded school house.

Miss M. May Ward is home from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, on her Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Durfee and family removed from Newport Saturday to the upper tenement of the Anthony Cottage near Turner's Road.

A well attended and interesting cottage service of the Epworth League was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholson last week. Rev. E. E. Wells presented the subject, "Our Nation's Wards or a White Man's Chance for Red Men and Black Men." The Friday evening service this week was also conducted by the pastor at the M. E. Church parlors, subject, "Easter, the Promise of Immortality."

Last Sabbath having been Palm Sunday, palms were extensively used upon the altar and about the church at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Rev. John E. Diman was in charge. On Easter Sunday at 10 o'clock a special musical service will be rendered by the vested choir from St. George's School and also at the evening service at 7.30.

Miss Hattie Brown was appointed on Sunday last to assist the Mercy and Help Department of the Epworth League in securing and arranging flowers for the Easter service at 2.45 o'clock at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Following the evening service at 7.45 the flowers will be sent to the sick and shut ins.

The little boxes of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches will be presented on the afternoon of Easter day at the latter church at its usual service at 2.30. The Wednesday evening Lenten service was held at the Church of the Holy Cross and that of Good Friday at St. Mary's. A Good Friday service was also held at 11 o'clock at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Branches of green ferns with purple streamers were placed over the memorial tablet to the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone Good Friday evening, the 7th anniversary of his death.

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED

Then came the sharp recollection of that motionless, commanding figure in the lighted window, and his own puzzling behavior on the sidewalk outside. He recalled his impression that someone had called out to him just before he turned to look up at the window. It was all quite preposterous, he kept on saying over and over again to himself, and yet he could not shake off the uncanny feeling.

Earlier in the evening, without warning, without the slightest encouragement on his part, there had suddenly leaped into existence a warm, tender and wholly inexplicable feeling toward his father. At first he had been amazed by this unwanted, almost unnatural feeling, which later on developed into something quite tangible in the way of an emotion, but he was beginning to realize that the real mystery lay outside of any self-analysis he could make. Like a shot there flashed into his brain the startling question: Was Ranjab the solution? Was it Ranjab's mind and not his own that had moved him to such tender resolves? Could such a condition be possible? Was there such a thing as mind control?

An hour later Frederic approached the box office of the theater mentioned by Yvonne over the telephone that morning. The play was half over and the house was sold out. He bought a ticket of admission, however, and slipped up with others who were content to stand at the back to witness the play. Inside the theater he leaned weakly against the railing at the back of the auditorium and wiped his brow. What was it that had dragged him there against his will, in direct opposition to his dogged determination to shun the place?

The curtain was up, the house was still, save for the occasional coughing of those who succumb to a habit that can neither be helped nor explained. There were people moving on the stage, but Frederic had no eyes for them. He was seeking in the darkness for the two figures that he knew were somewhere in the big, tone-deaf throng.

The lights went up and the house was bright. Men began scurrying up the aisles. He moved up to the railing again and resumed his eager scrutiny of the throng. He could not find them. At first he was conscious of disappointment, then he gave way to an absurd rage. Yvonne had misled him; she had deceived him—yes, she had lied to him. They were not in the audience, they had not even contemplated coming to this theater. He had been tricked, deliberately tricked. No doubt they were seated in some other place of amusement, serenely enjoying themselves. The thought of it maddened him. And then, just as he was on the point of tearing out of the house, he saw them, and the blood rushed to his head so violently that he was almost blinded.

He caught sight of his father far down in front, and then the dark, half-obscured head of Yvonne. He could not see their faces, but there was no mistaking them for anyone else. He only marvelled that he had not seen them before, even in the semidarkness. They now appeared to be the only people in the theater; he could see no one else.

James Brood's fine, aristocratic head was turned slightly toward his wife, who, as Frederic observed after changing his position to one of better advantage, apparently was relating something amusing to him. They undoubtedly were enjoying themselves. Once more the great, almost suffocating wave of tenderness for his father swept over him, mysteriously as before and as convincing. He experienced a sudden, inexplicable feeling of pity for the strong, virile man who had never revealed the slightest symptom of pity for him. The same curious desire to put his hands on his father's shoulders and tell him that all was well with them came over him again.

Involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder, and the fear was in his heart that somewhere in the shifting throng his gaze would light upon the face of Ranjab!

Long and intently his searching gaze went through the crowd, seeking the remote corners and shadows of the foyer, and a deep breath of relief escaped him when it became evident that the Hindu was not there. He had, in a measure, proved his own cause; his emotions were genuinely his own and not the outgrowth of an influence for good exercised over him by the Brahmin.

He began what he was pleased to term a systematic analysis of his emotions covering the entire evening, all the while regarding the couple in the orchestra chairs with a gaze unswerving in its fidelity to the sensation that now controlled him—a sensation of impending peril.

All at once he slunk farther back into the shadow, a guilty flush mounting to his cheek. Yvonne had turned and was staring rather fixedly in his direction. Despite the knowledge that he was quite completely concealed by the intervening group of loungers, he sustained a distinct shock. He had the uncanny feeling that she was looking directly into his eyes. She had turned abruptly, as if some one had called out to attract her attention and she had obeyed the sudden impulse. A moment later her calmly impersonal gaze swept on, taking in the sections to her right and the balcony, and then went back to her husband's face.

Frederic was many minutes in re-

covering from the effects of the queer shock he had received. He could not get it out of his head that she knew he was there, that she actually turned in answer to the call of his mind. She had not searched for him; on the contrary, she directed her gaze instantly to the spot where he stood concealed.

Actuated by a certain sense of guilt, he decided to leave the theater as soon as the curtain went up on the next act, which was to be the last. Instead of doing so, however, he lingered to the end of the play, secure in his conscienceless espionage. It had come to him that if he met them in front of the theater as they came out he could invite them to join him at supper in one of the nearby restaurants. The idea pleased him. He decided it until it became a sensation.

When James Brood and his wife reached the sidewalk they found him there, directly in their path, as they wedged their way to the curb to wait for the automobile. He was smiling frankly, wisely. There was an honest gladness in his fine, boyish face and an eager light in his eyes. He no longer had the sense of guilt in his soul. It had been a passing qualm, and he felt regenerated for having experienced it, even so briefly. Somehow it had purged his soul of the one lingering doubt as to the sincerity of his impulses.

"Hello!" he said, planting himself squarely in front of them.

There was a momentary tableau. He was vividly aware of the fact that Yvonne had shrunk back in alarm, and that a swift look of fear leaped into her surprised eyes. She drew closer to Brood's side—or was it the jostling of the crowd that made it seem to be so? He realized then that she had not seen him in the theater. Her surprise was genuine. It was not much short of consternation, a fact that he realized with a sudden sinking of the heart.

Then his eyes went quickly to his father's face. James Brood was regarding him with a cold, significant smile, as one who understands and despises.

"They told me you were here," faltered Frederic, the words rushing hurriedly through his lips, "and I thought we might run in somewhere and have a bite to eat. I—I want to tell you about Lydia and myself and what—"

The carriage man bawled a number in his ear and jerked open the door of a limousine that had just pulled up to the curb.

Without a word, James Brood handed his wife into the car and then turned to the chauffeur.

"Home," he said, and without so much as a glance at Frederic, stepped inside. The door was slammed and the car slid out into the melstrom.

Yvonne had sunk back into a corner, huddled down as if suddenly deprived of all her strength. Frederic saw her face as the car moved away. She was staring at him with wide-open, reproachful eyes, as if to say: "Oh, what have you done? What a fool you are!"

For a second or two he stood as if petrified. Then everything went red before him, a wicked red that blinded him. He staggered as if from a blow in the face.

"My God!" slipped from his stiff lips, and tears leaped to his eyes—tears of supreme mortification. Like a beaten dog he slunk away, feeling himself pierced by the pitying gaze of every mortal in the street.

CHAPTER XV.

A Mother Intervenes.

Long past midnight the telephone in the Desmond apartment rang sharply, insistently. Lydia, who had just fallen asleep, awoke with a start and sat bolt upright in her bed. A clammy perspiration broke out all over her body. She knew there had been a catastrophe.

She sat there chattering until she heard her mother's door open and then the click of the receiver as it was lifted from the hook. Then she put her fingers to her ears and closed her eyes. The very worst had happened, she was sure of it. The blow had fallen. The only thought that seared her brain was that she had failed him, failed him miserably in the crisis. Oh, if she could only reclaim that lost hour of indecision and cowardice!

The light in the hallway suddenly smote her in the face and she realized for the first time that her eyes were tightly closed as if to shut out some abhorrent sight.

"Lydia!" Her mother was standing in the open door. "Oh, you are awake!" Mrs. Desmond stared in amazement at the girl's figure.

"What is it, mother? Tell me what has happened! Is he—"

"He wants to speak to you. He is on the wire. I—I— His voice sounds very queer—"

The girl sprang out of bed and hurried to the telephone.

"Don't go away, mother—stay here," she cried as she sped past the white-clad figure in the doorway. Mrs. Desmond flattened herself against the wall and remained there as motionless as a statue, her somber gaze fixed on her daughter's face.

"Yes, Frederic—it is I—Lydia. What is it, dear?" Her voice was high and thin.

His voice came jerking over the wire, sharp and querulous. She closed her eyes in anticipation of the blow, her body rigid.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he was saying, "but I just had to call you

up." The words were disjointed, as if he forced them from his lips one by one in a supreme effort at coherency.

"Yes, yes—it's all right. I don't mind. You did right. What is it?"

"I want you to release me from my promise."

"You mean—the promise—But, Frederic, I can't release you. I love you. I



For a Second or Two He Stood as if Petrified.

will be your wife, no matter what has happened, no matter—"

"Oh, Lord, Lydia! It isn't that! It's the other—the promise to say nothing to my father—"

"O—oh!" she sighed weakly, a vast wave of relief almost suffocating her. "He has made it impossible for me to go on without—"

"Where are you, Frederic?" she cried, in sudden alarm.

"Oh, I'm all right. I shouldn't go home, you may be sure of that. Tomorrow will be time enough."

"Where are you? I must know. How can I reach you by telephone—"

"Don't be frightened, dear. It's got to be, that's all. It might as well be ended now as later on. The last straw was laid on tonight. Now, don't ask questions. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night, sweetheart. I've—I've told you that I can't stick to my promise. You'll understand. I couldn't rest until I'd told you and heard your dear voice. Forgive me for calling you up. Tell your mother I'm sorry. Good-night!"

"Freddie, listen to me! You must wait until I—Oh!" He had hung up the receiver. She heard the whirr of the open wire.

There was little comfort for her in the hope held out by her mother as they sat far into the night and discussed the possibilities of the day so near at hand. She could see nothing but disaster, and she could think of nothing but her own lamentable weakness in shrinking from the encounter that might have made the present situation impossible. She tried to make light of the situation, however, prophesying a calmer attitude for Frederic after he had slept over his grievance, which, after all, she argued, was doubtless exaggerated. She promised to go with Lydia to see James Brood in the morning, and to plead with him to be merciful to the boy who was to marry, no matter what transpired. The girl at first insisted on going over to see him that night, notwithstanding the hour, and was dissuaded only after the most earnest opposition.

It was four o'clock before they went back to bed and long after five before either closed her eyes.

Mrs. Desmond, utterly exhausted, was the first to awake. She glanced at the little clock on her dressing-table and gave a great start of consternation. It was long past nine o'clock. While she was dressing, the little maid servant brought in her coffee and toast and received instructions not to awaken Miss Lydia but to let her have her sleep out. A few minutes later she left the apartment and walked briskly around the corner to Brood's home.

Fearing that she might be too late, she walked so rapidly that she was quite out of breath when she entered the house. Mr. Riggs and Mr. Dawes were putting on their coats in the hall preparatory to their short morning constitutional. They greeted her effusively, and with one accord proceeded to divest themselves of the coats, announcing in one voice their intention to remain for a good, old-fashioned chat.

"It's dear of you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must see Mr. Brood at once. Why not come over to my apartment this afternoon for a cup of tea and—"

Mrs. Brood's voice interrupted her. "What do you want, Mrs. Desmond?" came from the landing above. The visitor looked up with a start, not so much of surprise as uneasiness. There was something sharp, unfriendly in the low, lone tones.

Yvonne, fully dressed—a most unusual circumstance at that hour of the day—was leaning over the banister, tall.

"I came to see Mr. Brood on a very important—"

"Have you been sent over here by someone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood. "I have not seen Frederic," fell from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with unalloyed clearness. "He has been here since seven this morning, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

She was descending the stairs slowly, almost lazily, as she uttered the remark.

"They are together now!" gasped Mrs. Desmond.

"Will you come into the library? Good morning, gentlemen. I trust you may enjoy your long walk."

Mrs. Desmond followed her into the library. Yvonne closed the door almost in the face of Mr. Riggs, who had opened his mouth to accept the invitation to tea, but who said he'd "be a—d"—instead, so narrow was his escape from having his nose bridged. He emphasized the declaration by shaking his fist at the door.

The two women faced each other. For the first time since she had known Yvonne Brood Mrs. Desmond observed a high touch of color in her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes were alive with an excitement she could not conceal. Neither spoke for a moment.

"You are accountable for this, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mother, sternly, accusingly. She expected a stern of indignant protest. Instead, Yvonne smiled slightly.

"It will not hurt my husband to discover that Frederic is a man and not a milkop," she said, but despite her coolness there was a perceptible note of anxiety in her voice.

"You know, then, that they are—that they will quarrel?"

"I fancy it was in Frederic's mind to do so when he came here this morning. He was still in his evening clothes, Mrs. Desmond."

"Where are they now?"

"I think he has them on," said Yvonne, lightly.

Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a moment in perplexity. Then her eyes flashed dangerously. "I do not think you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood. Where are Frederic and his father?"

"I am not accustomed to that tone of voice, Mrs. Desmond."

"I am no longer your housekeeper," said the other, sweetly. "You do not realize what this quarrel may mean. I insist on going up to them before it has gone too far."

"Will you be so good, Mrs. Desmond, as to leave this house instantly?" cried Yvonne, angrily.

"No," said the other quietly. "I suppose I am too late to prevent trouble between those two men, but I shall at least remain here to assure Frederic of my sympathy, to help him if I can, to offer him the shelter of my home."

A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's face. "Do you really believe it will come to that?" she demanded, nervously.

"If what I fear should come to pass, he will not stay in this house another hour. He will go forth from it, cursing James Brood with all the hatred that his soul can possess. And now, Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what I think of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary. Besides, I've changed my mind. I'd like you to remain. I do not want to mystify you any further, Mrs. Desmond, but I now confess to you that I am losing my courage. Don't ask me to tell you why, but—"

"I suppose it is the custom with those who play with fire. They shrink when it burns them."

Mrs. Brood looked at her steadily for a long time without speaking. The rebellious, sullen expression died out of her eyes. She sighed deeply, almost despairingly.

"I am sorry you think ill of me, yet I cannot blame you for considering me to be a—s—s—I'll not say it. Mrs. Desmond, I—I wish I had never come to this house."

"Permit me to echo your words."

"You will never be able to understand me. And, after all, why should I care? You are nothing to me. You are merely a good woman who has no real object in life. You—"

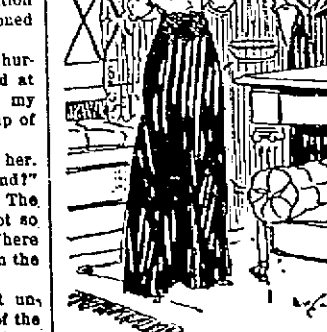
"No real object in life?"

"Precisely. Sit down. We will wait here together, if you please. I—I am worried. I think I rather like to feel that you are here with me. You see, the crisis has come."

"You know, of course, that he turned one wife out of this house, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliberately.

Something like terror leaped into the other's eyes. The watcher experienced an incomprehensible feeling of pity for her—she who had been despising her so fiercely the instant before.

"He—he will not turn me out," murmured Yvonne, and suddenly began pacing the floor, her hands clinched.



"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed: "He made a great mistake in driving that other woman out. He is not likely to repeat it, Mrs. Desmond."

"Yes—I think he did make a mistake," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly. "But he does not think so. He is a man of iron. He is unbending."

"He is a wonderful man—a great, splendid man," cried Yvonne, fiercely. "It is I—Yvonne LeStrange—who proclaim it to the world. I cannot bear to see him suffer. I—"

"Then why do you—"

Mrs. Brood flushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfair to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is

fully justified in the attitude he has taken this morning. His father has mistreated him last night in a manner that made forbearance impossible. That much I must say for Frederic. And permit me to add, from my soul, that he is vastly more shamed against than shining."

"I can readily believe that, Mrs. Brood."

"This morning Frederic came into the breakfast room while we were having coffee. You look surprised. Yes, I was having breakfast with my husband. I knew that Frederic would come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I went the servants out of the dining-room. He had spent the night with a friend. His first words on entering the room were these—I shall never forget them: 'Last night I thought I loved you, father, but I have come home just to tell you that I hate you. I can't stay in this house another day. I'm going to get out. But I just wanted you to know that I thought I loved you last night, as a son should love a father. I just wanted you to know it.' He did not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James Brood's face. It was as if he saw a ghost or some horrible thing that fascinated him. He did not utter a word, but stared at Frederic in that terrible, awe-struck way. 'I'm going to get out,' said Frederic, his voice rising. 'You've treated me like a dog all my life and I'm through. I shouldn't even say good-bye to you. You don't deserve any more consideration from me than I've received from you. I hope I'll never see you again. If I ever have a son I'll not treat him as you've treated your son. By God, you don't deserve the honor of being called father. You don't deserve to have a son. I wish to God I had never been obliged to call you father. I don't know what you did to my mother, but if you treated her as—' Just then my husband found his voice. He sprang to his feet, and I've never seen such a look of rage. I thought he was going to strike Frederic and I think I screamed—just a little scream, of course. I was so terrified. But he only said—and it was horrible the way he said it—'You fool—you bastard!' And Frederic laughed in his face and cried out, unafraid, 'I'm glad you call me a bastard. By God, I'd rather be one than to be your son. It would at least give me something to be proud of—a real father!'"

"Good heaven!" fell from Mrs. Desmond's white lips.

Yvonne seemed to have paused to catch her breath. Her breast heaved convulsively, the grip of her hands tightened on the arms of the chair. Suddenly she resumed her recital, but her voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"I was terribly frightened, I thought of calling out to Jones, but I—I had no voice! Ah, you have never seen two angry men waiting to spring at each other's throats, Mrs. Desmond. My husband suddenly regained control of himself. He was very calm. 'Come with me,' he said to Frederic. 'This is not the place to wash our filthy family linen. You say you want something to be proud of. Well, you shall have your wish. Come to my study.' And they went away together, neither speaking a word to me—they did not even glance in my direction. They went up the stairs. I heard the door close behind them—away up there. That was half an hour ago. I have been waiting, too—waiting as you are waiting now—to comfort Frederic when he comes out of that room a wreck."

Mrs. Desmond started up, an incredulous look in her eyes.

"You are taking his side? You are against your husband? Oh, now I know the kind of woman you are. I know—"

"Peace! You do not know the kind of woman I am. You never will know. Yes, I shall take sides with Frederic. 'You do not love your husband!'"

A strange, unfathomable smile came into Yvonne's face and stayed there. Mrs. Desmond experienced the same old feeling she had had years ago on first seeing the Sphinx. She was suddenly confronted by an unsolvable mystery.

"He shall not drive me out of his house, Mrs. Desmond," was her answer to the challenge.

A door slammed in the upper regions of the house. Both women started to their feet.

"It is over," breathed Yvonne, with a tremulous sigh.

"We shall see how well they were able to take care of themselves, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond in a low voice.

"We shall see—yes," said the other, mechanically. Suddenly she turned on the tall, accusing figure beside her. "Go away! Go now! I command you to go. This is our affair, Mrs. Desmond. You are not needed here. You were too late, as you say. I beg of you, go!" She strode swiftly toward the door. As she was about to place her hand on the knob it was opened from the other side, and Ranjab stood before them.

"Sahib bega to be excused, Mrs. Desmond. He is just going out."

"Going out?" cried Yvonne, who had shrunk back into the room.

"Yes, sahibah. You will please excuse, Mrs. Desmond. He regret very much."

Mrs. Desmond passed slowly through the door, which he held open for her. As she passed by the Hindu she looked full into his dark, expressive eyes, and there was a question in hers. He did not speak, but she read the answer as if it were on a printed page. Her shoulders drooped.

She went back to Lydia.

CHAPTER XVI.

"To My Own Sweetheart."

When James Brood and Frederic left the dining-room nearly an hour prior to the departure of Mrs. Desmond, there was in the mind of each the resolution to make short work of the coming interview. Each knew that the time had arrived for the parting of the ways, and neither had the least desire to prolong the spectacle.

The study door was closed. James

Brood put his hand on the knob, but, before turning it, faced the young man with an odd mixture of anger and pity in his eyes.

"Perhaps it would be better if we had nothing more to say to each other," he said, with an effort. "I have changed my mind. I cannot say the thing to you that I—"

"Has it got anything to do with Yvonne and me?" demanded Frederic ruthlessly, jumping at conclusions in his new-found straggleness.

Brood threw open the door. "Stop, friend," he said in a voice that should have warned the younger man, it was so prophetic of disaster. Frederic had touched the open door with that unhappy question. Not until this instant had James Brood admitted to himself that there was a sore and that it had been festering all these weeks. Now it was laid bare and smoldered with pain. Nothing could save Frederic after that reckless, deliberate thrust at the very core of the malignant growth that lay so near the surface.

It had been in James Brood's heart to spare the boy.

Hot words were on Frederic's lips. They were alone in his room. He squared his shoulders.

"I suppose you think I am in love with her," he said defiantly. He waited a moment for the response that did not come. Brood was regarding him with eyes from which every spark of compassion had disappeared. "Well, it may interest you to know that I intend to marry Lydia this very day."

Brood advanced a few steps toward him. In the subdued light of the room his features were not clearly distinguishable. His face was gray and shadowy; only the eyes were sharply defined. They glowed like points of light, unflinching.

"I shall be sorry for Lydia," he said levelly.

"You needn't be," said Frederic hotly. "She understands everything."

"Have you told her that you love her and no one else?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you have lied to her."

There was silence—tense silence. "Do you expect me to strike you for that?" came at last from Frederic's lips, low and menacing.

"You have always considered yourself to be my son, haven't you?" pursued Brood deliberately. "Can you say to me that you have behaved of late as a son should—"

"Wait! We'll settle that point right now. I did lose my head. Mind, I say, not heart. I shall attempt to explain—I can't, for that matter. As for Yvonne—well, she's as good as gold. She understands me better than I understand myself. She knows that even honest men lose their heads sometimes. I can say to you now that I would sooner have cut my own throat than to do more than only you the possession of one you do not deserve. I have considered myself your son. I have no apology to make for my—we'll call it infatuation. I shall only admit that it has existed and that I have despaired. As God is my witness, I have never loved any one but Lydia. I have given her pain, and the amazing part of it is that I can't help myself. Naturally, you can't understand what it all means. You are not a young man any longer. You cannot understand."

"Good God!" burst from Brood's lips. Then he laughed aloud—grotesquely.

"Yvonne is the most wonderful thing that has ever come into my life. I adored her the instant I saw her. I have felt sometimes that I knew her a thousand years ago. I have felt that I loved her a thousand years ago. A calm seriousness now attends his speech, in direct contrast to the violent mood that had gone before. "I have thought of little else but her. I confess it to you. But through it all there has never been an instant in which I did not worship Lydia Desmond. I—I do not pretend to account for it. It is beyond me."

Brood waited patiently to the end. "Your mother before you had a somewhat similar affliction," he said, still in the steady, repressed voice. "Perhaps it is a gift—a convenient gift—this ability to worship without effort."

"Better leave my mother out of it," said Frederic sarcastically. A look of wonder leaped to his eyes. "That's the first time you've condescended to acknowledge that I ever had a mother."

Brood's smile was deadly. "If you have anything more to say to me, you would better get it over with. Purge your soul of all the gall that embitters it. I grant you that privilege. Take your belongings."

A spasm of pain crossed Frederic's face. "Yes, I am entitled to my things. I'll go back to what I said downstairs last night. I would have forgiven everything if you had granted me a friendly—friendly, that's all—just a friendly word. You denied—"

"I suppose you want me to believe that it was love for me that brought you slinking to the theater," said the other ironically.

"I don't expect you to believe anything. I was lonely. I wanted to be with you and Yvonne. Can't you understand how lonely I've been all my life? Can't you understand how lonely I am for the affection that every other boy I've known has had from his parents? I've never asked you about my mother. I used to wonder a good deal. Every other boy had a mother. I never had one. I couldn't understand. I no longer wonder. I know now that she must have hated you with all the strength of her soul. God, how she must have hated in the face of the fact of your love for her! Remember, tell me she left you, and it she did, I hope she afterwards found someone who—let me, I won't say it. Even now I haven't the heart to hurt you by saying that."

STEAMERS NOT GIVEN WARNING

French and British Craft Sunk by German Submarine

THIRTY LIVES ARE SACRIFICED

Both Vessels Go Down Within Three Minutes After Being Struck by Torpedoes—Russian Invasion of Hungary Progressing Successfully, According to Petrograd Report—British Aviators Drop Bombs on German Submarine Base—Operations of Only Minor Importance on Western Fields of Battle

Thirty more lives have been sacrificed to the indiscriminate activity of German submarines in the English channel.

Within the period of twenty-four hours two merchant vessels of the allied nations were sunk, the French steamer Emma, upon which nineteen members of the crew perished, and the British steamer Haven Seas, which carried down eleven men.

In neither case was there any warning given. Hardly had the periscope of the submarine been sighted when the awful crash of a torpedo in the ships' vitals was heard, and there was a scramble for the boats which involved death for those who had no time to get away.

The Haven Seas was torpedoed off Beachy Head and eleven of her crew of eighteen, including all the officers except the second engineer, were drowned. The steamer, which was a small boat of 832 tons, was bound from London to Liverpool.

The force of the explosion was so great that the hatches were torn off and a big hole was torn in the steamers' side, causing her to sink within three minutes. The survivors, three of whom were injured, were landed at Newhaven by a British destroyer.

The Emma, which was bound to Bordeaux, was torpedoed also on Beachy Head, presumably by the same submarine. Nineteen members of her crew were drowned, only two being saved.

The periscope of the German terror had hardly been sighted when the torpedo struck the Emma in the region of the engine room, no warning of any kind having been given. This boat also went down inside the three-minute limit. A British destroyer subsequently picked up two members of the Emma's crew who had been in the water for a couple of hours, and at the same time recovered two bodies.

Gains Claimed by Russia
It is claimed that the Russian war office that the Russian troops are winning all along the Carpathian front, and that the invasion of Hungary through Dukla pass is progressing successfully. Russian officials admit, however, that the Austro-German forces are still offering an obstinate resistance and that earlier predictions of a general retreat on the part of the Teutonic troops were premature.

The claim made by the Austrian general staff that the Austrians had recaptured their positions at the south entrance of Dukla pass, thus cutting off the Russian troops who had invaded the Ondava and Labore valleys, was officially denied at the Russian war office, where it was asserted that the Russian troops had advanced thirty miles into Hungary.

Austrian losses of the last two weeks in the Carpathians are officially estimated at Petrograd at more than 45,000. A statement issued by the war office announces the capture of 16,477 prisoners by the Russians in the mountain campaign, between March 20 and March 22, together with ten cannon and sixty-two machine guns.

Bombs for German Submarines
Once more the aeroplanes of Britain's naval aviation corps have flown over the German submarine bases on the Belgian coast, dropping bombs upon all the sea terrors they could discover. It is believed that considerable damage was wrought, although this is not easily ascertainable.

An official report of the raid given out by the British admiralty says Flight Sub-Lieutenant Andree dropped four bombs on submarines being constructed at Hoboken, near Antwerp, and that Flight Lieutenant Wilson threw bombs upon two submarines lying near the mole at Zeebrugge. The aeroplanes returned safely to their base at Dunkirk, France, and the pilots reported that the raid was apparently successful.

On the Franco-Belgian line only operations of minor importance are recorded. Mine warfare has been in progress at many points in the west, and at other points there have been artillery duels and occasional infantry attacks, but nothing that has in any way approached the proportions of a battle.

The British bulletin deals mostly with mine operations at Damptiere and Berry-au-Bac, which they claim resulted to their advantage.

They also state that in their advance in the Le Pretre forest they captured 110 Germans and repulsed an attack near Parroy, with heavy losses to the enemy.

The German bulletin does not say much more. They claim to have made a slight advance on the extreme western end of the line near Dixmude and to have captured a few Belgians.

In the Vesles there appear to have been only artillery duels of no particular consequence.

Matters continue uneventful at the Dardanelles. The Russian fleet apparently the same which has been bombarding the Black sea entrance of

LADY LONDON DERRY.

Peerees Leads Woman's Volunteer Reserves Who Plan to Protect Country.



Photo by American Press Association

England is organizing women's volunteer reserves. The women are taught signalling, dispatch riding, telegraphing, motoring and camp cooking. It has been explained that the corps is for use only in the event of an invasion of England. Four companies have already been formed, with Lady Londonderry as colonel.

the Mesophoria, went some 100 miles to the east and bombed some Turkish Black sea ports in the coast district. According to the Turkish report but little damage was done.

Reports that an American life has been lost in the war zone around the British Isles were brought officially to the attention of the Washington government when Ambassador Page and Consul General Skinner at London called that Leon C. Thresher, an American citizen, had been drowned in the destruction of the British liner Fabala by a German submarine.

The reports merely transmitted unofficial statements, and instructions were sent immediately to both officials to begin an investigation and report promptly.

No action will be taken by the United States government until this official version of Thresher's death has been received and all the facts surrounding the destruction of the Fabala have been carefully scrutinized.

A representative of the company which had employed Thresher saw him aboard the liner before she sailed. That is as far as official information goes, and Page or Skinner now will undertake to get statements from survivors who can give positive evidence that the American was drowned.

Ambassador Sharp, at Paris, was called upon by the state department for a report as to the circumstances surrounding the arrest of Raymond Swoboda, an American citizen, charged with having set fire to La Touraine, a French liner, on her recent trip from New York to Havre.

MERCHANTMEN SUNK

Hundred and Twenty Lives Lost as Germans Sink Steamers

One hundred and twenty lives were lost in the sinking by submarines of the African liner Fabala and the British steamer Agnolia, bound from Liverpool for Lisbon.

The Fabala, which was torpedoed on St. George's channel, carried a crew of ninety and about 160 passengers. The German submarine fired the salvos which circled about and watched the passengers drown without offering aid.

In both cases, on sighting the submarine, the captain tried to escape by putting on all speed possible, but the underwater craft overtook the steamers, showing that Germany now has some of her most modern submarines engaged in the blockade operations against England.

"MASS OF WILD BEASTS"

How Men on Battlefields Appear to Baroness Von Ettnar

Her nerves shattered by the scenes she witnessed on the Gallian battle line, Baroness von Ettnar, who was decorated by Emperor Francis Joseph for her work among the wounded, arrived at New York.

"Europe is just a mass of wild beasts tearing at each other's throats to kill or to die," said the baroness. "The hearts of all are devoid of feeling. I cannot close my eyes without seeing dead men torn and shattered and hearing the moans of the wounded. I could stand it no longer. Nights I saw in the trenches are past description."

CHEATED THE GOVERNMENT

Oleomargarine Men Plead Guilty to Charges in Federal Court

William J. Higgins and Jeremiah H. Hall, who have been on trial at Providence before Judge Brown in the United States district court, pleaded guilty of conspiracy to defraud the government. They will be sentenced later.

They were charged with defrauding the government of \$100,000 in taxes by coloring oleomargarine which they manufactured.

Death of Lord Rothschild
Lord Nathan M. Rothschild, head of the English branch of the Rothschild family, died suddenly in London. He was born in Piccadilly Nov. 8, 1840.

LIFE PROLONGED THREE HOURS

Heart Massage on Prisoner Proves Successful

HAD BEEN PRONOUNCED DEAD

Swallowed Deadly Poison as He Was About to Be Taken to Court and Had Apparently Succumbed to Its Effect—Once Prosperous Man Had Become Confessed Forger

Arrested at Boston after a chase that had led nearly twice across the country, on a charge of theft of \$1000 from banks in New Orleans and San Francisco, Willard G. Wallace, 30, swallowed cyanide of potassium in his cell in the city prison and died a few hours later.

Wallace drank the poison a few minutes before Inspector Laughlin went to his cell to take him into court.

The dying man was rushed to the relief hospital, where eight men, under the direction of Dr. Brickley, worked more than an hour and a half, in an attempt to restore respiration. Wallace showed no signs of life, and nine minutes later there was absolutely no indication that life was not extinct. Dr. Waters, medical examiner, voiced the opinion that the man was dead.

"I'd like to perform a manual massage of the heart through the abdomen," interposed Brickley, and, receiving permission, proceeded to make a quick incision in the man's abdomen.

Putting his hand through this the physician began the massage, or compression of the heart, and at the end of fifteen minutes the watchers saw Wallace's face turn from purple to red and noted signs of respiration. He literally had been called back to life. The arduous task of keeping him alive was continued, and, after an hour, it was said Wallace had a bare chance for his life.

This was the first time in the history of medical science, so far as Boston physicians know, where a poison victim, once pronounced dead, had been restored to life by means of manual massage.

Prominent police and city officials hurried to the hospital to witness the efforts being made to save the man's life. Finally the physicians began to use the pulmotor on the man in conjunction with the massage and this was kept up until he died three hours later.

When apprehended Wallace laid the blame for his downfall upon "pretty girls and the lure of the white lights." Until last December, he had been a trusted clerk in the employ of the Gulf Refining company of Pittsburg. It was then, according to his alleged confession to the police, that the glamour of the "white lights" and the fascination of being with pretty girls prompted him to raise a \$50 check to \$1500.

With the proceeds he went to New Orleans, thence to Los Angeles and San Francisco. In the latter city, it is alleged, he also raised a draft, which he cashed without difficulty.

Going to Portland, Wallace attracted the attention of Pinkerton agents who noticed the interest he manifested in an unusually attractive girl.

When he left the Pacific coast city for Boston by easy stages a Pinkerton operative followed. Wallace was arrested here in a downtown hotel. At first he loudly protested his innocence, but later, the police say, made a complete confession.

DIES FROM EXHAUSTION

Fifteen-Ounce Baby Surprised Doctors by Living Five Days

After being kept alive for five days, Virginia Mower, the 15-ounce baby girl born to Mrs. Fred Mower of Lynn, Mass., died from exhaustion.

Perfectly formed and apparently healthy, with hands and feet about as large as a woman's little finger nail, and only ten inches long, the tiny baby astounded the medical authorities of the state in living at all.

During her term of life the diminutive girl lived upon a couch of hot water bottles awathed in layers of soft cotton and was fed from a medicine dropper.

End of Whitman Mills Strike

After being out on strike from the Whitman cotton mill, New Bedford, Mass., for the past two weeks, ninety loomfixers voted to return to work. The men alleged intimidation and discrimination.

ORDERED TO TEXAS BORDER

Funston's Request For Troops Compelled With by Garrison

Three batteries of field artillery were ordered by secretary Garrison to proceed from Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex., to Brownsville, Tex., and a regiment of infantry in camp at Texas City, Tex., was ordered to be in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice to the border town.

The troops' movement was ordered on recommendation of Major General Funston, in charge of the border troops.

Five Railroad Stations Robbed
Stations of the Boston and Maine railroad at Hampton, North Hampton, Seabrook and Atlantic, N. H., and Salisbury, Mass., were broken into. Money was taken from slot machines and telephone pay stations.

Wants to Be Maine Governor
Frederick H. Parkhurst of Bangor announced that he would be a candidate for the nomination for governor of Maine in the Republican primaries next June.

WEATHER RECORDS GO BY THE BOARD

Boston Bureau Shows March to Have Been Rainless Month

The month of March has been remarkable in that it is the only one on record at the Boston weather bureau without a measurable amount of precipitation.

Traces of rain or snow occurred on six days, but nothing as much as .01 of an inch. In no other month on the weather bureau record have there been twenty clear days at Boston, or an average humidity as low as 57 percent, and never in March has there been 79 percent of sunshine, these being the figures (approximate) for March. On all but four days there was more than one-half the possible sunshine.

F-4 IS WATERLOGGED

Breaking of Hawser Suspends Work of Raising Submarine

Efforts to raise the sunken submarine F-4, outside Honolulu harbor, were temporarily suspended after a hawser with which the boat was being dragged toward shore snapped.

Rear Admiral Moore reported from Honolulu that the submarine evidently was waterlogged and too heavy to be raised by the equipment employed by the searching fleet.

The vessel with her crew of twenty-one men lies in 270 feet of water and her position is being held while preparations for raising her by pontoons are made.

BANDIT GETS AWAY

Fatally Shoots Policeman After Trying to Rob a Store

Patrolman Peter J. Corcoran of Boston is dying from two bullet wounds received in an encounter with the gunman who, for the past six weeks, has terrorized Boston, holding up liquor store clerks at the point of a revolver.

The gunman fired two shots at Corcoran at Lawrence and Appleton streets, in the South End, after the officer had pursued him for more than half a mile, a few minutes before 11 o'clock last night. The bandit escaped.

Fire Destroys Poor Farmhouse

The Cumberland, R. I., poor farm building was destroyed by fire. Five aged inmates were taken out safely. The loss is \$10,000.

Quota on Maine Power Bill
The bill to allow the transmission of electrical power beyond the confines of the state was rejected by the Maine senate.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English at Oxford university, Eng., was awarded the honorary degree of Litt. D., by Brown university of Providence.

The Tennessee house of representatives rejected a bill to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer in Tennessee.

Joseph H. Andrews was elected clerk of the Laneville, Mass., Congregational church, to serve his first year in that office.

William Stitt, general passenger agent for the Canadian Pacific railway, dropped dead in his office at Montreal.

Bishop Rudolph Dubs of the United Evangelical church died at his home at Harrisburg, aged 79.

Sir John C. Lamb, 69, English statesman and scientist, died at his home, Hampstead, N. W.

Among the honor men at Phillips Exeter academy are all four Chinese members of the student body.

The Maine senate refused to make any change in the legal length of lobster which may be caught in Maine waters.

Frank Williams of Everett, Mass., father of five children, blew his brains out with a revolver.

Despondency led George Wunschel, 19, to take his own life in New Bedford, Mass.

Yale debaters won from Harvard and Princeton in the triangular debate at Harvard. Harvard was victorious over Princeton.

Rev. Wesley O. Holway, 76, who devised the manual of physical drill now in use in the United States navy, died at Newton, Mass.

J. R. Andrews, 53, president of the Hyde Windlass company of Bath, Me., died at New York from a cerebral hemorrhage.

The H. H. Curtis company, manufacturing jewelers, North Attleboro, Mass., filed a petition in bankruptcy, admitting liabilities of \$53,172.21.

Mrs. Martha M. Baker of Lowell, Mass., celebrated her 100th birthday. She enjoys fine health.

Delay in Cape Canal Traffic

The dredging of the Cape Cod canal to a uniform depth of twenty-five feet will not be completed before June 1, so that the new water which it had been expected would go into effect April 1 will be deferred two months.

Bank Teller Drops Dead

Charles F. Johnson, aged 63, dropped dead from heart disease in the Commonwealth Trust company, Boston, where he has been employed as a paying teller for forty-two years.

Wells Knocked Out by Moran

Frank Moran of Pittsburg knocked out Bombardier Wells, the English heavyweight, in the tenth round of their twenty-round bout at London.

Veto Awaits Mothers' Penalties
The mothers' pension bill, applicable only to St. Louis, will be vetoed by Governor Major of Missouri, he announced.

CONDENSED STATEMENT NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

As rendered to State Bank Commissioner, March 4, 1915

ASSETS	
Loans and Investments	\$1,838,386 35
Overdrafts	983 91
Banking House and Safe Deposit Vaults	152,000 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	4,000 00
Due from Reserve Banks	205,416 06
Due from other Banks	2,834 01
Cash and Cash Items	106,190 47
LIABILITIES	\$2,309,820 80
Capital Stock	\$300,000 00
Surplus	120,000 00
Undivided Profits	28,001 33
Individual Deposits	\$1,511,206 88
Certificates of Deposit	320,212 51
Certified Checks	388 82
Treasurer's Checks	3,810 99
Due Banks	25,672 22
Dividends Unpaid	648 00
	\$2,309,820 80

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, President CLARK BURDICK, Vice President
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer

No. 156. REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, March 4, 1915.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$350,000 00
Overdrafts, secured	312 31
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000 00
Notes, Securities, etc., owned and pledged (other than stocks), including premiums on same	113,817 00
Subscription to Stock of Federal Reserve Bank	\$1,000 00
Less amount unpaid	5,000 00
Banking House	3,300 00
Other Real Estate owned	23,000 00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	2,000 00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in Central Reserve Cities	2,000 00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in other Reserve Cities	2,000 00
Due from Banks and Bankers (other than above)	37,150 13
Outlets checks and other Cash Items	1,531 50
Fractional Currency	207 81
Exchanges for Clearing House	1,791 61
Notes of other National Banks	4,533 17
Legal tender notes	5,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)	91,445 02
TOTAL	\$732,022 43
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$300,000 00
Surplus fund	100,000 00
Undivided Profits	28,001 33
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	2,000 00
Circulating Notes	100,000 00
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption or in transit	5,000 00
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)	37,150 13
Individual deposits subject to check	1,511,206 88
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	320,212 51
Certified checks	388 82
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	829,701 47
TOTAL	\$732,022 43

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.
County of Newport, ss.:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.
Correct Attest:
EDWARD A. BROWN, EDW. B. PECKHAM, WILLIAM T. HANVEY, } Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1915.
PACIFIC HUBMAN, Notary Public.

Go Fishing This Spring

Exciting sport awaits the early anglers. Gamey trout and land-locked salmon lurk in the wonderful woodland lakes

Down in Maine

A few days on these wild inland waters will do you a world of good.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

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FOUR E 121

AN EASTER HAT —and— PEGGY

BY AGNES G. BROGAN

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"MY dear," said mother, "you really must have a new hat for Easter; your old one has grown so shabby."

Peggy ruefully surveyed the dilapidated gray felt, which had weathered many gales. "I had thought of that," she replied, "and goodness knows I have been economical enough to earn the reward of my many sacrifices. You cannot appreciate, mother, the delight unspeakable of possessing an entire new hat. Heretofore it has usually been a new shape with an old power or the reverse. This Easter hat must be a 'scrumptious' one."

Peggy folded plumped arms beneath the wary knot of her hair as she drew the alluring picture. "Gray straw, mother, for I must still wear my old gray suit, but faced with pink the hat shall be a delicious, dainty pink—so pale that one must look again to make sure it is pink at all, and there will be drooping over my shoulders a fluffy pink plume. Think of it! If there is money left over I shall buy one pink rose to tuck in my faded lapel." The girl laughed.

Mrs. May laughed with her daughter; then a flush stole over her wrinkled

WONT YOU BE OUR EASTER BUNNY?



"MAY I WALK WITH YOU DOWN THE HILL?" HE ASKED.

check. "Spencer Clark returns to spend Master week in the old home as left so long ago," she said. "You remember him, Peggy—the handsome youth whom every one tried to spoil!"

Peggy's lip curled scornfully. "The imperious boy, rather, who mocked at my print pinfores. Yes, I remember him vaguely, and this foolish town has gone wild with anticipation because he now deigns to favor us with a visit. He has accumulated more wealth, they say, is an authority upon all 'ologies' and 'isms,' and will, of course, be correspondingly remote and condescending. But what have we to do with him? The bill people will dine and fete their old neighbor no doubt, but you and I of the 'common' may only look up, as we did long ago, to see the lights in their houses."

"Things change as one grows older," Mrs. May remarked impatiently. "Lillian Claire herself is not half so pretty as you, and when Spencer Clark sees you, Peggy, smiling beneath the brim of your pink Easter hat—well, I'm sure he will think so too."

Peggy jumped to her feet. "He needn't!" she retorted. Then she turned to smile into the wistful face beneath her own. "Poor matchmaking mother!" she added whimsically. "She would marry her beggar maid unto a lord."

When Peggy sought the millinery parlors the second time, with the purpose of trying on the new hat, her cheeks glowed in subdued excitement. It was an interesting experience waiting in the silk draped rooms.

And as Peggy lingered in the silk draped rooms Miss Claire passed in her velvet and fur, bestowing a cold nod of greeting.

"Madame," she called to the milliner, "will you bring my hat at once? I have no time to wait."

Madame hurried forward. "So sorry, Miss Claire," she began in humble apology. "We have been completely overrun with work, and the hat is not ready."

Miss Claire raised supercilious eyebrows. "If you cannot say positively that the hat will be finished by Sunday I shall countermand my order," she said.

In distracted manner madame motioned to a frail little creature, whose bright red hair framed a wan face. "Miss Tait," she ordered, "see that Smith has Miss Claire's hat finished ready to send out Saturday night."

The girl's face hardened. "Smith can't do it," she answered tonelessly. "not if she keeps on working after 12 o'clock every night till Easter."

Madame stared angrily at her subordinate.

A little girl, when asked by her teacher to distinguish between the human and the animal families, replied: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

Has baby an angelic smile?
The family shout, "Well, rather!"
And then they shout in solemn style
"It looks just like its father."

date. "Then," she said sharply, "you must take the hat home and do it yourself after hours. We close late Saturday night, Miss Claire. Would it be satisfactory to have the hat delivered 'special' Sunday morning?" The valued customer bowed.

"Before 10 o'clock," she insisted. "I shall depend upon you." Briskly madame turned away, while Peggy, with cheeks burning deeper than the pinkest plume, laid a detaining hand on the young clerk's arm. Apprehensively the girl wheeled about.

"Your hat is not ready, Miss May," she sighed, "but you will have it by Sunday."

"I—I don't want it for Sunday," Peggy burst out. "That is what I wished to tell you. Miss Claire's hat may be trimmed in my time here before you leave the store. You understand?"

For a moment the girl's eyes met hers, oddly shining. "Yes, I think I understand," she replied. Then with a little shaky laugh Peggy took the old hat up again. "I will have to do something to this," she explained. "It is necessary to remove the soiled plume." Still with that softened look upon her face, the red haired girl held out a bunch of realistic violets, fastening them with deft fingers against the gray felt brim.

It was with an apologetic feeling akin to Madame's that Peggy approached her tiny home. Mother would be desperately disappointed.

"Not ready?" she cried in dismay as Peggy opened the door. The girl slowly removed her newly decorated millinery, gazing at it in open disapproval; then with a sudden transforming smile Peggy cast the hat from her.

"Let us hope it may run on Sunday," she said.

But there was no run. Indeed, the spring month seemed to have borrowed a day from the coming summer, and Peggy stood on the porch steps and sighed. "That provoking old sun is bound to reveal all my shabbiness," she told her mother, and her eyes widened at the unaccustomed appearance of a special messenger.

"The box cannot be for me," she reiterated, but the boy repeated the address. "Miss Peggy May, 12 Poplar street," he read convincingly. And in its bed of green tissue nestled a bunch of fragrant violets, matching exactly the false ones of her hat. With trembling, joyous fingers Peggy plucked them close against the lapel of her faded coat. "Oh, who could have done such a lovely thing!" she cried.

Her heart was atune with the morning as she walked down the long church aisle, and when she had seated herself Peggy's eager eyes sought out the face of Lillian Claire. Yes, the Easter hat in all its glory rested upon Lillian's blond head, but no weary, white faced girl had passed the night hours in its trimming. Peggy breathed a sigh of content while the softened light of a colored window fell upon the upturned face beneath the knot of violets.

A broad shouldered man in a long neglected family pew thought it the very sweetest face that he had ever seen, but Peggy, meeting the steadfast gaze of earnest brown eyes, failed to find therein resemblance to a certain pair of merry eyes which had mocked at her print pinfores. After service she lingered a moment, looking back like some small pariah at the "bill" young people assembled about the returned celebrity. But her fleeting resentment vanished as she came out again into the sunshine. Up from the common came the sounds and scents of spring, and as Peggy hurried on a quick step sounded behind her.

"Parlor," called a man's pleasant voice; "have you forgotten an old play-fellow, oh, Miss Peggy May?"

Gravely Peggy extended her hand. "I should have forgotten," she answered frankly, "had we not heard so

much of your coming. I wonder, Mr. Clark, that you remember my name." The man laughed. "I will be as honest as you," he replied. "I might have forgotten the name had I not heard it repeated a few days ago in a millinery store." Impulsively he touched the violets on her breast. "I sent you these," he said abruptly, "hoping you would pardon the liberty of an old friend."

"I am afraid," answered Peggy slowly, "that I do not understand." "May I walk with you down the hill?" he asked with becoming humility, and while they fell into step, "I have been wanting to know you," he went on, "ever since that day in the millinery store. Yours was a kind and considerate, a most unusual deed. Seated screened behind the pews I could not help hearing all that passed. You may know that my profession of writing certain dull articles carries me into many curious places on errands of investigation, a millinery parlor at noonday perhaps or a sweatshop at night. And still the problems which vex us remain forever unsolved." The young man stood still in the road looking seriously, tenderly, into the girl's wondering face. "And I should not be surprised," he said gently, "if you, little Peggy May, were wiser than us all."

But Peggy laughed and shook her head. "Why, I've no riddles at all," she told him. And when they reached the humble home of the common Peggy bade him goodby.

"I am glad to have seen you," said Peggy.

The writer of books detained her hand. "I am more anxious to hear," he entreated, "that you would like to see me again."

And this episode happened just one year ago. This year Peggy was not so indulgent concerning her Easter hat.

"You will have it ready?" she admonished the red haired maid, and the man who accompanied her smiled proudly.

"Better explain and make sure," he suggested. So Peggy returned to the counter.

"You understand?" she asked. "It is a trousseau hat."

Wife [complainingly]—You never praise me up to any one.

Husband—I don't, eh! You should have me describe you at the employment office when I'm trying to hire a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Gaylord (in a Danish). There's my wife! And I'll bet she's looking for me!

Fair Companion—Oh, dear! Why can't some people understand that woman's place is in the home!—Puck.

Lawyer—So you want to make a case of it? Farmer Yes, by jingo! I offered to settle by fair means, and he wouldn't. So I decided I'd hire a lawyer and have him took into court.

"Jig," says things look pretty in his cupbess."

"How a that?"

"He manufactures shoe polish."

Ruffalo Express.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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On Easter Day

By EARL MARBLE.

"Peace on earth,
Good will toward men."
In sweet love's death
Not voice nor pen
E'er grand words spoke
Of greater scope
To stumbling folk
Who darkly grope.

Dawn, brightest morn of all the year,
And being Christ's spirit with thee here,
That all may sing in loud acclaim,
"All had the power of Jesus' name!"
Come hither thou whose day is this
The while men read of heavenly bliss,
Given them by thee with promise laid
When they shall climb death's golden stair.

Throughout the week
Of holy thought,
When minds all meek
With good were fraught,
The steps have tread
In upward ways
The while toward God
Each bent his gaze.
Thy spirit, Christ,
Four forth o'er all,
That each soul prized
Since mankind's fall
May drink his wine
And 'scape earth's prison
In the Easter sign
That "He Is Risen."

Easter's Date Depends on the Moon.

It is well known that Easter Sunday seldom, if ever, falls upon the same day of the month two years in succession. Indeed, it does not always appear in the same month, for, while it usually comes in March, this year it comes in April. This variation is traceable to the phases of the moon. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the first full moon of spring. As spring begins on March 21, this means that Easter Sunday never comes earlier than March 21 or later than April 25.

Easter Bird Stories

A great deal of bird lore is linked with the stories of the Passion. There is a Danish legend that as Christ was suffering on the cross three birds came and alighted upon it. One cried, "Styrk ham! Styrk ham!" (Strengthen him! Strengthen him), and since that time the stork has been known as a bird of strength and blessing. The second, it was interpreted, cried, "Sval ham! Sval ham!" (Refresh him! Refresh him), and the swallow was likewise thought to be a bird of blessing. But the third cried, "Inen ham!" (Cure him), and so from that hour the lapping has been accused among birds. The Swedish legend is the same, with the addition of a fourth bird, the turtle dove, which, dying thither, cried, "Kyrie! Kyrie!" (Lord! Lord), and its voice has ever since been limited to that single word of lament.

An owl, according to the Spanish, was so dazzled by the sunlight it did not perceive that it had alighted upon the cross. But as night came on it saw and, frightened, called "Cruz! Cruz!" (Cross! Cross!) as it flew away. And from that moment the owl has kept repeating this cry and has been able to see only after darkness falls.

The crossbill in an unsuccessful effort to draw out one of the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross twisted its beak and died its plumage with the martyr's blood. Concerning the robin there is a similar tradition, expressed in verse, as follows:

To the Saviour's throbbing head
She fondly strove, His blood, 'tis said,
Dyed all her tender bosom red.
Since then no hand disturbs her nest,
No prowling beast her young molest—
That sacred bird of ruddy breast.

Easter Lilies Grown in America.

There is said to be but one small section in the United States where Easter lilies will grow profusely and blossom at Easter time. This is Las Palmas, a few miles below Brownsville, Tex.

Potted flowers for Easter Gifts

Rhododendrons are being used extensively as Easter gifts. The beauty of the flowers alone would recommend them, but in addition they can be planted out of doors in many places soon after Easter Sunday and become part of the shrubbery. No plants are more gorgeous or effective. Even when not in flower the evergreen plant is attractive. The flowers increase in size and beauty each year. Madame Felix and Pink Pearls are two exquisite varieties. Others are Abraham Lincoln, Delicadissima Roseum Elegans and Caractus.

The fuchsias grown in standard shapes are attractive and make stylish Easter gifts. Fuchsias, or lady's ear-drops, are well known plants of easy culture for the home or shady situation in the garden.

Azaleas have become nearly as synonymous with Easter as the lilies for gifts. The hardy varieties are being used more and more at Easter time, as they can be planted out and form a high note of color in the garden after serving their Easter mission. The rhododendron types are extremely hardy and produce great masses of very bright, fiery red single flowers, making attractive, showy gifts. Vanderhagen and Professor Walters are popular Easter azaleas and are really among the best and most popular plants sold at this season.

Draft of a Vessel.

Draft is the distance in feet from the lowest part of the bottom of a vessel to the actual water line at which the vessel is floating.

Who troubles others has no rest himself.—Italian Proverb.

The Comfort of the Lilies

An Easter Poem

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

(Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.)

TO golden hearted lilies bloom
once more
In spring fragrance by my
open door.
No my heart elms to each
new opening leaf,
Down from it slips the burden of my
grief.

TO the comfort of the lilies' breath
floating from out the depths
of seeming death,
For never day so hard but
faith has power
To lift through it the radiance of a
flower.

"Burning Of Judas"

An Easter Rite Among Orientals

In some oriental countries among the members of the Greek Orthodox church a feature of the Easter festivities which is never omitted is the burning of an effigy of Judas, the faithless disciple. To show how firm a hold the rite of Judas burning has taken of oriental Greeks the following story is told:

In Therapia, a suburb of Constantinople, there lived a poor Greek who earned a scanty livelihood as a porter or messenger or both. Every Easter this man made a Judas effigy and burnt it on his own behalf and that of his congregation. The necessary money was got by begging.

The Turkish authorities objected to these proceedings on the ground of public safety, as the burning always took place in a small square in the workmen's quarter, quite close to some wooden barracks. Therefore every year just before Easter the good natured blunderbush, the lieutenant of police, would send for the Greek, who was well known to be a ringleader in the affair, and threaten him with severe punishment if he should burn a Judas puppet. The Greek always gave the same reply, "Even if you kill me I will burn Judas." The following year, before Easter, the Turkish blunderbush would send to the Greek again and strictly enjoin upon him that this time no Judas was to be burnt. But, all the same, the Greek would get a "Judas" ready and burn him.

It happened that the Greek had to row over the Bosphorus to the Asiatic coast. He hesitated for some time in view of the approaching festival, but finally consented on the promise of a good fee, his money being at a low ebb. When he had done his business on the Asiatic side and was getting ready to return a storm arose, so that it was impossible for him to risk crossing in his little boat. He gazed eagerly at the sky, but there was no cessation of wind and tempest. The day of the festival arrived, and the Greek, taking off his clothes, made them into an effigy, stuffed them with leaves and twigs and there on the lonely shore burnt his Judas, according to his usual custom. As soon as the storm was over Georgi, for that was his name, returned without clothing in his boat to Therapia and told what he had done. The Turkish blunderbush, delighted that for once there was no Judas burning among the wooden sheds of Therapia, gave Georgi new clothes and a present of money as well.

A Day of Spiritual Joy

Easter should be a day of spiritual joy, a day for the celebration of the resurrection of the spirit, a day in which spiritual considerations should be more prominent. Any secular or civil activities that interfere with the pure spiritual observance of the day should be discouraged. There is a tendency to over-emphasize fashions. It should be seriously discouraged.

Jesus Christ announced the important truth that the glory of his resurrection was the fruit of his Passion—I mean the accidental glory incident to his humanity, not the essential glory inherent in his divinity.

While two of his disciples were going from Jerusalem to Emmaus, discussing on the crucifixion, Jesus, in the guise of a stranger, joined them, and they said to him: "We had hoped that Christ would redeem Israel from gentile bondage and would re-establish the kingdom on a grander scale and rule as a conqueror. But our hopes are shaken, for he died a shameful death on the cross." And Jesus said to them: "Foolish and slow of heart, to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into his glory?"

If he had not trod the path of suffering and humiliation he would not be the Messiah foretold by the prophets.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Dodging the Question.

Mrs. Blaker John, don't you think I need a new gown? "This one is brightening to look shabby." Mr. Blaker: I don't see anything the matter with it. You look well enough in it to suit me, and why should I pay money to make you more attractive to other men? K. change

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His Sacrifice.

The man who slighted from the 3:30
was a big fellow, a strong, well-built
man of 29 or a little beyond, with a firm
chin, a pair of steel blue eyes, and
slightly aquiline nose. The boys in
his earlier years had called him Caesar,
though some favored resemblance to
the great emperor, and this name
had clung to him long after he gradu-
ated from the old school and the
young gang. He was a masterful man,
and he was no doubt of that. The man
of his lips showed it, his cold blue eyes
showed it, his stride, his tall hat, his
heavy brow, all carried a suggestion
of egotism.

The stationmaster looked at him
quizzically.
"It isn't Horace Burnham is it?" he
asked, as he looked at the stranger.
"It is," replied the newcomer.
"How's the old man?"

The stationmaster was nearing 60,
but he was not a little old. Any-
way, as he told himself, he certainly
wasn't old when this big person left
town nearly six years before.

"Not hung yet, I see," he remarked
in his most satirical fashion.

The masterful man laughed, a big,
broad laugh.

"They stopped hanging people before
they got to me," he said. "They know
I wouldn't stand for it. Well, what's
new in Steelville?"

The stationmaster was not appeased.
"Nothing that would interest a fellow
who's seen everything," he growlingly
replied.

The masterful man laughed again
and playfully smote the stationmaster
on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, old gargoyle," he said.
"Nobody's going to run away with your
toy depot. I'm here on an errand that
should interest you and all the other
good Steelvillers. I'm looking up a
site for a big cotton mill. No man
knows the old town better than I do.

No outsider knows its advantages and
its disadvantages as I do. The water
power is all right; a railway spur
across to the Six-mile will be easy.

Now I want to find out what the town
will do for the project. It means
bringing 200 men and their families
here. It means new cottages, more
stores, more passengers, more freight,
more money.

The stationmaster had listened with
his mouth half open. Then he shook his
head.

"I donno as I'd favor it," he said.
"These boomers ain't lastin'. Besides,
we don't want no foreign warm run-
in' over us. This is a pretty decent
sort of a town. We want to keep it so.

Besides, I don't see where it would
help me any. All I'd get out of it
would be more work."

The man called Horace laughed long
and loud.

"That's the Steelville spirit, all
right," he chuckled. "It isn't 'How's
it going to help Steelville?' It's 'How
it going to help me?' You're a true
son of the old soil, old chap. But,
look out. Progress is likely at most
any moment sweep it back. Goodbye,
you old stand-patter."

Still laughing, he picked up his trim
traveling bag and going down the plat-
form steps started up the main street.

The stationmaster shook his clenched
hand after him.

"You're a darned smarty, that's
what you are," he growled. "I don't
believe half you say. You made the
town trouble enough when you was a
boy. You ain't got no call to come
back an' pester us again. I'll bet
there's something crooked in your dern
scheme." And he turned to his
checking book and his lampback brush,
still growling.

The stranger swung along, his keen
gaze, noting the familiar scenes, and a
nod of head now and then indicating
some special landmark of his younger
days.

Presently he came to the brick hotel
with its plain exterior and its wide
porch. He entered the office and strode
up to the desk and put his name on the
register in a heavy scrawl. The clerk
turned the book and drew it toward him
and was all obsequiousness.

"Who's running the old house now?"
"It changed hands last spring. Mr.
Timothy Mitchell died and left the hotel
to his nephew, Mr. Edward Mitchell.
I'm the nephew."

The masterful man looked him over.
"No, I'm from Palmyra. I was in the
cigar business there. You've been in
Steelville before?"

"Yes, I was raised here. Got away
as soon as I could. How's the old
town?"

"I don't think you'll notice any great
change. Some of the folks have died—
they don't die early in Steelville—
everybody getting older, and once in a
while there's a new baby. Maybe Main
street is a trifle busier—it couldn't be
less so—and there's a new steeple on the
Presbyterian church and St. Holcomb
has just shingled his red barn." He
checked. "You know the type."

The masterful man, leaning heavily
on the counter, nodded.

"I know Steelville. It needs a dynamite
cartridge to wake it up."

The proprietor-clerk leaned forward.
His pale eyes were half-closed.

"Maybe your line is cartridges."

"Maybe it is," said the masterful
man. "Maybe I have a New Year's
gift for the little, old burg. Maybe it
means a new Steelville. And, maybe,
too, I'm the sort of man who never
springs traps until they are properly
baited." He set his jaw as if it, too,
were a trap, and picked up his bag.

"Where's my room?"

He came down presently and after
comparing his heavy-cased watch with
the hotel clock, swaggered to the win-
dows that overlooked the street and
dropped into a big splint-bottomed
chair.

The proprietor-clerk came forward,
rubbing his hands.

"Everything satisfactory?"

"I guess so," he passed. "Who's
the nearest president of your select
board?"

"Dr. Jethro Green."

"What is he? Progressive, stand-
patter, clam?"

"Pretty progressive, I think. Bel-
ieves in moving picture shows and
band concerts."

"He's my man. Who's at the head
of the schools?"

"Superintendent James Fallonsbee.
I guess he's been there some time."

"I guess he has. He's locked me
many a time. If there's any such thing
as poetical justice, I ought to go up and
cut his ears and bump his head against
the plaster."

The clerk looked at the big man ad-
miringly.

"You could do it all right," he said.

"What's your weight?"

"I weigh in at 185," he chuckled.
"When I fought at the Chelsea Chicken
I was down to 190." He caught the
sparkle in the clerk's fishy eyes and
laughed again. "I'm not here on any
fighting errand," he said. "At least,
I'll do no fighting with my fists. What's
the best thing to catch your chief of

the selection? And can I phone him
here?"

"He's out of town. Comes back in
the morning. He was in here just be-
fore he started. Said he had an impor-
tant case over at Gresham."

"Then this important case of mine
will have to wait."

The masterful man arose and drew
himself up and, looking at his heavy
watch.

"Guess I'll stroll around," he said,
"I want to renew my acquaintance
with the lay of the land, and perhaps I
may meet an old friend of two." He
paused and chuckled. "If I like it
looks I may conclude to buy the town."

He pulled his overcoat over his arm and
went down the porch steps, a fine heavy
figure, full of masculine strength. The
pale-eyed proprietor-clerk started after
him.

"You're a great big bluff," he said
to himself, "but I don't think there's
any man in Steelville who would care
to call you."

As the masterful man passed up the
street, the passerby stared at him.
The clerks behind the doors of the dull
stores craned their necks to look after
him. There was an air of proprietor-
ship about the man, an air of careless
acceptance of the good things of life
that drew their attention. They real-
ized at once that he was a stranger and
strangers, prosperous-looking strangers,
were a novelty in Steelville.

The day was mild and the sun had a
warmth that was more like early Octo-
ber than late December. The little
town lay in a cuplike depression among
the hills that sheltered it from the
wintry winds, and the stranger strode
along, his overcoat still hanging over
his arm, his hat pulled back, his full
face glowing.

As he passed the town library a
young woman came through the door-
way; a straight, slim young woman
with dark hair and eyes, a tastefully
dressed young woman who threw a
quick glance about her as she stepped to
the walk.

"Why, hello, Mary!" said the stran-
ger, as he came forward. His eyes
brightened, his hand was stretched out.
The young woman paused and was
looking at him inquiringly.

"Why, it's Horace Burnham," she
said, and put out her hand.

There was a curious look in her dark
eyes.

"You're fine, Mary," he said. "Can
you guess where I was going?"

No, she couldn't guess.

"I was on my way to the white cot-
tage with the green blinds. That's
right. Still living there?"

"Yes."

"With your mother?"

"Yes."

There was an air of reluctance about
the girl. She was not entirely pleased
with the chance encounter.

"Well, how are you, Mary?"

"Very well, thank you, Horace."

He had fallen into step beside her.
She had hesitated a moment. Then she
moved along.

"You look very well, thank you," he
said. "And now why not show some
interest in your old beau? Why can't
you say 'How are you?' and 'How's
the world using you?'"

"Your appearance tells me that,
Horace."

"Well said. You always had a clever
tongue. By George, Mary, it's good to
see you. Just as soon as I thought of
coming here I said, 'I'll see Mary Mar-
tin again.'" He looked around
sharply. "Not married, are you, Mary?"

The blood surged to her pale cheeks.
"No."

"That's as it should be," he drew a
little closer. "And now you'll want to
know something about me. I'm doing
well. It took a little time to get
started, but there's nothing yet in-
vented that can hold me back. I
climbed almost from the beginning,
and when I'd once started there was no
stopping me. I'm a coming man,
Mary. I've got it in me. I cleaned
up \$3000 last year. Why, if this little
mill job I have on hand goes through,
I'll rake in at least \$20,000. Pretty
good for a prodigal, eh?"

The tremendous egotism of the man,
so frank, so open, was almost admirable.
The girl realized this. It is possible
she might have made a satirical retort.
If so, she thought better of it.

"What brings you here?" she asked.

"Something big, Mary. I'm what's
called a promoter. I think up big
schemes and put 'em through with
other people's money. I remembered
Steelville's fine water power. I've got
some big men interested in the scheme
of building a cotton mill on the Six-
mile. It's a great big scheme, an' I'm
the boy who can put it through." He
drew a deep breath. "On your way
home, Mary?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's no need of hurrying.
My time's my own. Tomorrow I get
busy." He looked around and a smile
curled the corner of his wide mouth.
He suddenly laughed and hunched his
shoulder against the girl. She drew
away from him quickly. He did not
notice this. He was too much absorbed
in himself. "What gay times we had
a half dozen years ago, Mary. That
was a lively crowd."

"Yes," murmured the girl.

"Yes, indeed. We just escaped
being engaged you an' me, didn't we?

Why, your own mother asked me why
I came to the cottage so often. But,
lordy, I couldn't think of marriage
then. I had too good a head on me.
Marriage would have tied me down
hand and foot. But it's all different
now, Mary."

She had shrunk a little further from
him, and her pale face was paler.

Again he failed to notice this.

"I'm a man of impulse," he went on.
"That's the way I succeed. When I
want a thing I go after it tooth and
nail—and I want you for my wife
Mary."

She made a sudden dash
but he checked her. "It isn't as if
we'd never known each other. I've
always had you in mind." Again she
tried to speak. He stopped her. "Maybe
you're going to say it's so sudden, but
listen. I know you and your mother
have lived. Always making the nickel
travel limit. It will be different
now. There's nothing you'll want
that you can't have. You'll drive your
own car, and we'll take a suite in the
Argosy—that's a new apartment house
I promoted—and you'll have your maid
and your dressmaker and your pearls
and diamonds. Lordy, but I'll be proud
of you, Mary, want you to say 'yes' right
now. I've met a lot of girls—
some of them fine as silk, but not one
was your equal, Mary. Say 'yes' an'
we'll have it over with right away."

Now she caught her breath.

"But it isn't 'yes,'" she told him.

"It's no."

He turned sharply.

"Not why?"

"Because I'm engaged."

"Engaged?" he growled at her.

"Who's the man?"

There was something so forceful
about his manner that she couldn't help
replying.

"His name is Thorpe. Tom Thorpe."

He laughed unpleasantly.

"Tommy Thorpe. I remember him,
eh, what is he?"

"He's a lawyer. He's the county pro-
secutor. Next year he will be his party's
candidate for congress."

Again he laughed unpleasantly. "He
said in terrible voice. When I met
him, he's a coward. When I met
him, I'll make him crawl. I'll make
him beg you not to marry him."

He was quite besides himself in his
disappointed rage.

The girl's face had paled and reddened
and paled again.

"No, no," she stammered. Her
anger had risen, too. Her face flamed.

"He's coming now," she said. A man
on a bicycle had just turned the head
of the road.

"Fine," said the big man, and his
teeth clicked.

The other stopped and stared from the
girl to the man.

"Tom," said the girl, and her voice
was clear and cool, "this man insulted
me."

"She means," said the big man
quickly, "that I insulted you. What I
said I'll stand by and prove it, too, with
my fists. Come."

There was a break in the tall hedge by
the roadside. The big man stopped
toughly. The other man gave a glance
at the girl and followed.

It was not a long fight. The other
man was hopelessly outclassed from the
start. He had neither the weight nor
skill of the big man. Yet he showed
no fear. He fought on, doggedly, sav-
agely. The big man could not help
admiring the hopeless courage. He
must have known what his outcome
would be but the knowledge did not
lessen his efforts. And then they both
drew back for a moment, panting and
shaking, the masterful man shot a
quick glance at the girl's face. His
eyes met hers—and he read in her face
dislike and repugnance, and loathing.

And he seemed in reluctant fashion to
realize that no matter how the battle
terminated the girl would have no feel-
ing for him save hatred.

Then they were at it again hammer
and tongue, and the other man's bleed-
ing face was set and determined, and
the girl's face was white and agonized.

It was plain to be seen that the inevit-
able defeat was a matter of but a
moment or two.

Suddenly the big man's hands dropped to
his side and he staggered back.

"I've had enough," he chokingly
muttered and caught up his coat. He
looked across at the girl. "He's the bet-
ter man," he growled, and started
across the field. He looked back once.
The girl wiping the oil, her man's face.
Suddenly she reached up and kissed
him.

The big man plodded along. All at
once he smiled his intense egotism
gripped him.

"You had him beaten to a frazzle,"
he said to himself, "and you did a very
decent thing." By W. R. Rose in
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The April St. Nicholas.

The April issue of St. Nicholas has
two articles of especially timely inter-
est. One is a detailed description of
the Panama Exposition at San Fran-
cisco, the other a comprehensive ar-
ticle on the history and construction
of locomotives. For animal lovers,
Stephen Chalmers has written about a
bear. The story is keenly interesting,
and to adults as well as to children, as
it shows clearly the folly and even
wickedness of keeping wild animals
captive, except in a zoo, for educa-
tional purposes. Nature and Science
for Young Folks is also particularly
interesting to animal lovers this month,
the main article being a description of
the secretary-bird and his habits. They
—the animal lovers—will also like to
read about the toads, in "Tommy and
the Wishing Stone." The three con-
tinued stories get more and more ex-
citing; the climaxes are not very far off
now. The League and the other de-
partments are carried on as usual, and
there are plenty of pictures and verse.

A Flourishing Business.

At a certain kindergarten in Milwau-
kee, recently one of the small pupils
seemed especially anxious to tell the
teacher something.

"Well, Nan, what is it?" the teacher
finally asked, in response to the frantic
waving of the tot's hand.

"I got a new little sister to-day!"
panted the wee one.

"Oh, Nan, that was lovely," said the
teacher. "Where did you get her?"

"Dr. Brown brought her," replied
the child.

Another little hand shot up into the
air in an excited way, and the teacher
asked this little girl what was the mat-
ter.

"We take off him, too," she said.—
Lippincott's.

Town Didn't Boast.

De Wolf Hopper chuckled when the
conversation of a dinner turned to am-
ateur music, and he told this story. One
evening a commercial traveller while
sitting in the village hotel, struck up
an acquaintance with one of the fellow
citizens.

"You have a very pretty town here,"
he remarked.

"Why yes," admitted the native;
"the scenery ain't bad, that is if you
don't look at it too long."

"I suppose, of course, that the town
boast of a glee club?"

"No, we don't boast about it much,"
sighed the fellow citizen. "We endure
it with a sort of calm resignation."—
Philadelphia Telegraph.

Little Bessie's Question.

Miss Mabel Garrison, the opera
singer, recalled an incident relating to
juvenile orthography.

One afternoon little Bessie was
seated on the sofa in mamma's parlor
employed with a pencil and paper when
she suddenly glanced up with an ex-
pression of perplexity.

"Mamma," she finally remarked in-
terrupting her mother's chat with a
woman friend, "will you please tell me
something?"

"Yes, dear," gently answered the
fond mother. "What is it?"

"How do you spell ant," returned
the puzzled youngster, "the kind that
ain't a bug?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Touch—Can you do anything to
help me out.

Mr. Cloutier—I'd like to, but I
sprained my foot on a collector yester-
day.—Chicago News.

Hogan—Oh hate February.

Geogan—Why is that?

Hogan—Because if I'm workin' he the
day an' payin' rint be the month.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in black ink, stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss F. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1915.

NOTES.

On account of the great interest displayed in the second address of John Clarke to King Charles II printed in last week's column, we are now publishing the first address, as follows:—E. M. T.

Petition of John Clarke, Agent of the Colony of Rhode Island, to the King. To Charles the Second:

By the wonderful, provident and gracious disposing hand of the most High, of England, Ireland and Scotland, with the large dominions and territories thereunto belonging.

High and Mighty King:

The humble petition and representation of John Clarke, on the behalf of the purchasers and free inhabitants of Rhode Island, and of the Colony of Providence Plantations in the Narragansett Bay, in New England.

Most humbly sheweth:

That your petitioners were necessitated long since for cause of conscience, with respect to the worship and service of God, to take up a resolution to quit their dear and native country, and all their dear and precious relations and enjoyments therein, and to expose themselves and their families to all the hazards and inconveniences, which they might meet with upon the vast and swelling ocean over which they should pass, or in the barbarous and howling wilderness to which they might come.

That being thus resolved, they were, by the greatly obliging clemency of your Royal father not only permitted to prosecute the resolution of theirs, but by singular favours and privileges bestowed upon them encouraged yours in.

That your petitioners being thus resolved and encouraged after a long encounter, with many perils of sea and robbers, were by the good hand of the Lord safely conducted unto, and caused to arrive in those parts of America, where for the aforesaid causes of conscience, and for peace sake, they were also necessitated to travell further among the barbarians in places untried and with no small hazard, to seek out a place of habitation, where, according to what was propounded in your petitioners first adventure, they might with freedom of conscience worship the Lord their God, as they were persuaded.

That being in this wandering posture, in this vast and desolate wilderness, they were by the provident hand of the most High, guided to steer their course into the thickest of the most potent princes and people of all that country, whereby his wonderful working power upon their hearts, as a signal token that the hearts of Princes and people are in his hands, to dispose of as he please.

Your petitioners found them free to admiration, not only to part with the choicest parties of their territories, being no wages inferior, for commodious harbours in all respects unto any parts of that country, but also to quit their native, ancient and very advantageous stations and dwellings thereon, to make room for them.

That your petitioners having thus, by the good hand of the Lord, and countenance of their Prince, gone forth, found out, purchased, possessed and planted those parts of the world, in all desirable freedom and liberty in all respects, both among themselves (in giving to all in point of freedom of conscience, what they desired for themselves) from all others, whether English or Indians, found themselves necessitated, at least for some time, for the preservation and accommodation for themselves and their families, to forbear to make application unto that sovereign power, to which they adhered, and in lieu thereof (and grace to enter into an actual agreement among themselves); and as the true natives of England (though so remote), and the loyal subjects thereof, for the present to regulate themselves by the laws of that nation, so far forth as the nature and constitution of the place and the professed cause of their conscience would permit.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

5146. BUMP—I would like information about Lucy (Bump) Greene, born 1783. She was daughter of Barnabas and Elizabeth (Barrows) Bump. He served in the Revolution under Colonel Israel Peabody of Warrham, Mass. (his home). There was a Willis Barrows in the same company, possibly a brother-in-law. After the war he removed to Tolland Co., Conn., where he raised a large family. A part at least of his family of children were born at Warrham.—P. C. G.

5147. GRINNELL—I would like information regarding the ancestry of Capt. William Grinnell. He married in 1762, Lydia, daughter of Joseph Tillinghast of Newport, and she died July 22, 1778. He had died before 1768, leaving children, Mary, Amey, Samuel T., and doubtless others. I have been trying to prove his ancestry for several years. Little Compton records do not help. If there is a will or administration of estate that might name some relative that would indirectly prove William's father. We think he might be son of William (4), (Richard (3), Daniel (2), Matthew (1), or perhaps related to Thomas Grinnell, in Newport, 1747, whose ancestry is not known to me.—E. D. P.

5148. KINNECUTT—Wanted ancestry of Mary Kinnecutt who married Saunders Pitman in Providence, R. I. I think it is Mary (4), (Roger (3), John (2), Roger (1), for in Thurston—Pitman genealogy it is stated that Saunders Pitman m. (1st) Mary Kinnecutt, m. (2d) Amy Kinnecutt. I find in Providence probate that Roger Kinnecutt (3), (John (2), Roger (1), had wife Amey, and it looks as though Saunders Pitman had married two sisters, Mary and Amey, thus, of Roger and Amey.—J. O. P.

5149. CARDOSO—Wanted some information concerning one Joseph Cardoso of Newport, who lived sometime during the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. I am writing the history of an old Bible containing a number of signatures of famous men, and have not been able to locate anything in particular about this Jacob Cardoso, except that he purchased the Bible on July 23, 1743. The owner of the Bible immediately preceding Jacob Cardoso is Joseph Buckingham of Saybrook, Conn. The owner of the book following Jacob Cardoso was Dr. James Robinson, a physician of Little Compton and Newport.

It is said that Jacob Cardoso came from New York and was one of the donors of the Synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation, but the entry in the Bible indicates that he came from Newport.—E. V.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

About 300 people attended the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman in Eureka Hall, Saturday, in honor of the 50th anniversary of their marriage. Unfortunately Mr. Sherman was taken ill and was unable to attend. Mrs. Sherman received informally because of the illness of her husband. There were no ushers. The presents were displayed, and consisted of \$125 in gold, besides books, pictures, mirrors, vases, cut glass, china, silverware, a fern-dish, a gold basket and a large number of bouquets of flowers, mostly daffodils, jonquils and yellow roses. After the reception Mrs. Sherman was taken ill, and a physician was called.

MASONIC.

The regular meeting of Eureka Lodge A. F. and A. M. was held at Eureka Hall Tuesday evening, about 200 being present. The third degree was conferred upon six candidates. Arab Grotto Band of Fall River furnished music during the evening. A chowder supper was served. Guests were present from Tiverton, Newport, Middletown, Providence and Fall River. Eureka Lodge will attend the vesper services at Channing Church, Newport, on Easter day.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There was a large attendance at Fair Hall Tuesday evening to see a drama "The Upper Room," given by the dramatic club of the Church of the Paraclete of North Tiverton. About 100 were present from Newport among them being Rev. Father's Higney, Ryan and Hines. The proceeds are to go to St. Anthony's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Grinnell entertained a party of relatives recently at their home on Freeborn street. Games were played and refreshments served.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Carter entertained on Sunday in honor of the 38th anniversary of their marriage. It was a very informal reception because of the illness of Mr. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall of Providence have been guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall of Tumpike avenue.

Mrs. Letitia Lawton entertained a family party of sixteen on Sunday.

RESIGNATION.

Rev. James M. Estes has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Friends' Church here, the resignation to take effect June 1st. He is planning to spend the summer with relatives in North Reading, Mass., before taking up his pastoral duties in the autumn.

MEETING.

The Home Economics Club met in the Christian Church with Miss Koehler on Wednesday. The subject was canning and preserving.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Frederick A. Lawton has gone to Gloversville, N. Y., where he will begin the season's work for the Lane Construction Co.

Mrs. F. P. Conway entertained the Willing Workers at her home on Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Silvia who recently purchased the Braman Place, has had the house improved, and has moved into it.

The electric express became derailed near the Car Barn one morning recently. This delayed traffic for awhile, as the passengers were obliged to walk around it and change cars.

Mr. Harry Sherman of Glen street is ill with pneumonia. A trained nurse, Miss Ruth Anthony of Tiverton is caring for him.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society held a meeting in the Society's rooms Wednesday afternoon. A beef-pie supper was served.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church met Wednesday with Mrs. John L. Borden.

The Lorenzo D. Tallman house, near the head of Park avenue, has been broken into and ransacked although nothing valuable was taken.

Singing Birds' Deadly Rivalry.

It is well known that caged chaffinches are celebrated for their eagerness to compete with one another in singing. They deliver their songs alternately until one is exhausted and unable to take up his turn. So excited do the birds become that it occasionally happens that one of the competitors drops down dead. The originating and directive causes of the particular song of different kinds of birds is not understood. But it is established that they have a great gift of imitation. Parrots, piping crows, ravens and other such birds are familiar instances, while little birds such as bullfinches can be trained to whistle the melodies which human beings have invented. Even the house sparrow, which, though allied to singing finches, never sings when in natural conditions, has been converted into a songster by bringing it up in company with piping bullfinches.—London Express.

"He's an advertising writer of the old school."

"You mean a liar?"—Judge.

No matter what your antecedents may be the mother tongue is generally baby talk.—Philadelphia Record.

"That old fellow over there got his wife through advertising."

"What for a wife?"

"No: advertising money to loan."—New York Post.

You never can tell. Many a man has a face as red as a beat who isn't one.—Philadelphia Record.

"Ocean steamers are like promissory notes," observed Hawkins; "you don't begin to worry about them until they are three days overdue."

Pete—The poker habit sure got Jones, didn't it?

Skeel—Yep, he even walks with a shuffle.—Michigan Gargoyle.

"What does war indemnity mean?" asked Mrs. Nagge, as she looked up from the paper.

"Alimony," growled Mr. Nagge.—Meriden Journal.

"Is Maud much of a talker?"

"Well, when she stops you notice it a good deal."—Boston Transcript.

Telephone Rates Reduced Effective April 1, 1915

Annual rates for telephone service for stations connected with the Newport exchange are reduced as follows:

Measured Service Unlimited Service
600 Five Minute Messages per year

Business	Residence
1 Party \$40 to \$36	1 Party \$48 to \$36
2 Party \$33 to \$30	2 Party \$36 to \$30

Business extension stations are reduced from \$9 to \$6

Providence Telephone Company,

142 Spring Street, Newport, R. I.

Bedroom Furniture

The folly of attempted adaptation has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated and this season's products of the really meritorious makers show no half hearted handling of the matter—it is either "reproduction" correct in every detail or a bold departure from old time schools into 1915 classics which are truly delightful.

Our stock is full at the moment and we are telling you now that you may have the pleasure of a look through before things begin the thinning out process. This week—before Easter.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Come Down and Answer Me

Who's boss—you or your telephone! Make it always convenient, both upstairs and down! With an extension telephone, placed on the second floor, you can make or receive your telephone calls without that tiresome stairclimbing. Fifty cents a month pays the bill. A word to the Bell Business Office is sufficient.



Providence Telephone Co.

Contract Dept. 142 Spring Street

Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D., 1819.

Interest will begin on money deposited on or before.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915

Interest 4 per cent. per annum.

G. P. Taylor, Treasurer

FOR SALE.

I have five pairs of oxen, and three pairs of young, raised here in 1914 and now out of work, and also the calf raiser.

ARTHUR S. PECKHAM, Hopkinton, R. I.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, April 2nd, 1915.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM W. HARRIS, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

LEWIS L. SHIMMONS.

ANNAL E. WATERMAN, PATRICK H. HOBAN.

433w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, March 31, 1915.

PUBLIC HEARING.

"State Tuberculosis Hospital."

The Committee on Finance of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill 97, entitled

"An Act in amendment of and in addition to Chapter 112 of the General Laws, entitled 'Of the Board of Trustees for the State Sanatorium.'"

In the Committee Room No. 216, State House, Providence, on

Wednesday, April 7, 1915,

upon the rising of the Senate.

PHILIP H. WILMOUTH, Chairman.

J. H. JOHNSON, Clerk.

431w

"Meet me at Barney's"

Whatever You Do

HAVE A

VICTROLA

FOR EASTER

\$15 to \$200

BARNEY'S

Music Store.

140 Thames Street



Boots.

Shoes,

Rubbers,

Arctics.

Everything in the shoe line.

Best values at all prices.

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.,

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka

Harness

Oil

Mica

Axle

Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

SITUATION WANTED by gardener, (4th

sale place). First class recommendations.

Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married

one child. Abstemious, twenty years ex-

perience. Fruit and flowers, birds

and underclass. Vegetables etc.

Address: R. W. S. Box 322,

Peace Dale R. I.

Boots on the Road.

The vicar of a mining village sent a pair of boots to the cobbler's for repairs, but Bill, who had been imbibing rather freely, felt no inclination for work, so the boots were not touched that day. Next morning his nerves were rather shaky and he longed for "a hair of the dog that bit him." His own boots were rather dirty, so he thought there was no harm in putting on the parson's which he accordingly did, and turned off into the village pub for a big "reviver." He had not gone far when whom did he meet but the vicar, who said:

"I sent my boots down for repairs, William. Are you finished with them yet?"

"Well, mister," answered Bill, calmly, "they're not mended yet, but they're on the road."

"So you have resolved to follow the example of George Washington, eh my lad? I suppose you mean in always telling the truth."

"No, sir, in marrying a rich widow."

—Boston Transcript.

"What does war indemnity mean?" asked Mrs. Nagge, as she looked up from the paper.

"Alimony," growled Mr. Nagge.—Meriden Journal.

Notice of the pendency of a bill entitled

"An Act in amendment of an Act en-

itled 'An Act to incorporate the Ty-

lerton Electric Light Company,'

passed by the General Assembly at

the January Session, A. D. 1899."

Pursuant to the provisions of Section 2 of Chapter 27, of the Gen. Laws of Rhode Island, notice is hereby given of the pendency of the above bill.

The bill is entitled "An Act to incorporate the Ty-ler Electric Light Company," passed by the General Assembly at the January Session, A. D. 1899. Said bill provides that said corporation shall be empowered to erect, lay, use and maintain lines of wire and conductors, also pipes or conduits, and through which to conduct water for electrical purposes connected with such business, in through, over and under public highways, streets, thoroughfares and sidewalks in the town of Little Compton, and it is now empowered to do so in the town of Tiverton and Portsmouth, and also, with the consent of the owners, upon and over any private property and buildings in said town of Little Compton, such power to be exercised in all cases in accordance with the regulations and order, and by the permission of the town coat of thereof.

Tiverton Electric Light Company, GEORGE H. HAZARD, President.

March 11, 1915—4133w

Large Returns

Have been received in past years from

USING OUR

ONION SEED

AND OUR

Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.

Be sure to get the Genuine

At the Store of

H. L. Marsh & Co.

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied by F. Barker.

PEOPLE

In the

West and South

desiring to buy or rent

Newport Real Estate

would do well to confer with

215 BIRCHMAN HAZARD, 359 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

PRINTED

CALLING

CARDS

CLOSELY RESEMBLE

THE ENGRAVED

SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

Best Prices

PAID FOR

Old Engravings

Wiseman's Art Store,

112 Bellevue Avenue,

—R.I.

ENGRAVED

CALLING

CARDS

CORRECT STYLES

EITHER FROM CUS-

TOMER'S PLATE OR

FROM NEW PLATE

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

WEDDING

INVITATIONS

OR

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE ARE PREPARED

TO FURNISH ENGRAVED

WEDDINGS, IN ANY

STYLE, AT REASONABLE

PRICES, AND SHALL WEL

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLVII--NO. 41.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 3, 1915.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,755.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.
A. H. SANBORN,)

101 THAMES STREET

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was first published in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected advertisements, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to the advertiser.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in Newport, \$5 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. All other copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

Representative Council.

Although there was considerable debate over the new John Clarke school, the session of the representative council on Wednesday evening was not a very long one. Many matters were taken up, and the council did not appear to favor any increase in the appropriation for the school, rescinding from the vote directing the board of aldermen to stop work on the revision of the plans. There were many absentees, only 110 members being present when the roll was called.

The board of aldermen presented a communication stating that \$30,000 would be necessary to build the John Clarke school in accordance with the original plans; also recommending that the board be instructed not to install the arc light at Kay street and Rhode Island avenue, to which objection had been made by abutters. The latter was taken up first, and several members thought it a rather late hour for the abutters to find out that they objected. The resolution to eliminate the light failed of passage.

A resolution was passed appropriating \$325 for repairs to the exterior of the old City Hall in accordance with a recommendation of the board of aldermen. A petition from George W. Sherman asking the city to retain the Fire Station No. 1, for storage and other purposes was received but no action taken. A petition for a street light on Marin street was received.

The Dearborn street trees were the next topic. The committee of ten recommended that the trees be trimmed, the sidewalk improved, and the street properly lighted. Resolutions were passed appropriating \$300 for the repair of the sidewalk, \$200 for trimming the trees, and ordering incandescent electric lights installed.

An ordinance to prevent the burning of rubbish within the fire limits in any street, alley or vacant lot was passed, after a penalty of \$20 had been added. An amendment to the building ordinance, fathered by Dr. Beck, was laid on the table.

A communication from the school committee regarding the John Clarke school was read. It suggested a conference to see if by the use of other materials the building could be built according to the original plans. A resolution providing for the appointment of a committee from the council to confer with the school committee and report back recommendations was laid on the table by the close vote of 59 to 67.

The board of aldermen were called upon for a statement of the situation. Alderman Hughes believed that a suitable building could be built for the money available, but the plans will have to be modified very materially. Superintendent Lull took the floor and explained what the school committee desired, and explained the layout of the building according to the original plans. He answered a number of questions by members of the council. Mr. J. J. Peckham made a sharp address on the needless luxury of the plans, and was warmly applauded.

Judge Burke brought up the question of law, as to who had the right to build the building, the school committee or board of aldermen, and this caused considerable discussion. Finally a resolution was passed rescinding from the resolution ordering the board of aldermen to cease work on revised plans and report to the council. This would seem to mean that the board is authorized to go ahead with the revision. The council then adjourned.

Mrs. George Lathrop Badley will again occupy "Brent Lodge," the property of Miss Ellen Mason, during the coming season.

Board of Aldermen

The board of aldermen held a meeting on Tuesday evening for the purpose of getting some matters into shape for the meeting of the representative council Wednesday evening, but more particularly for the purpose of looking further into the purchase of the new motor fire apparatus. Members of the re-organization commission were present, as well as representatives of two manufacturers. No definite conclusion was reached, but the board appeared to be somewhat dissatisfied both with the specifications and the prices.

It was reported that the specification had been prepared for the wooden block pavement on Broadway, and that they were under consideration in the street commissioner's office. The board further considered the matter of the electric light at Rhode Island avenue and Kay street, to which objection has been made, and decided to refer the question back to the council. The matter of repairs to the exterior of the old City Hall was also referred to the council, Alderman Hughes reporting that about \$235 would be required for repairs.

A petition was received from the permanent members of the fire department asking that a change be made in the shirts prescribed for use with their uniforms, on the ground of expense. The petition was referred to the committee on rules and regulations. Karl Bostel, agent for the Ahrens-Fox motor apparatus, presented a communication offering to include self-starters with his machines at the same figure as quoted before, and also to allow \$1600 for the old engines, which is \$500 more than the LaFrance offered.

The board then began a study of the figures and specifications as presented by the LaFrance representative. An attempt was made to compare them with those for Chemical No. 2, which is a LaFrance machine. The specifications seemed to differ considerably, and the members of the board did not approve of the changes. It seemed that if the department was to be standardized, it should show in the specifications. There was considerable talk about the change in ignition system, the make of extinguishers, chemical tanks and various other matters. It was figured that the bidders would receive considerably more for each machine than they did on the No. 2 chemical when there was competitive bidding.

There was some suggestion of referring the whole matter back to the council, together with the figures on the Ahrens-Fox apparatus, and thus opening up the whole matter again. However this was not done, the board instructing Mr. Arter to obtain the lowest prices, individually, for complete equipment and various extras, and present them to the board later.

The weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening was a strenuous one, bids being opened for various supplies and the session continuing until about midnight, leaving a few contracts to be decided later. It was one of the greatest nights for bids in the history of the board.

After the transaction of considerable routine business the board began to open bids. Fire hose came first, and the city departed from its practice of several years by dividing the 1000 foot order, and awarding 500 feet to J. T. O'Connell and 500 feet to the Newport Engineering Works. The prices were much lower than has been paid heretofore.

There were several bids for a typewriter, desk and chair, and the William P. Clarke Company got the contract at \$125. For a car for the Deputy Chief of the fire department bids were offered for Ford, Overland and Reo, and board voted four to one to buy an Overland from the Newport Engineering Works, this being the same make that the Chief uses. Bids for a service truck for the fire department were more complicated and a committee was appointed to investigate and report back next Tuesday. The trucks offered were Kelly-Springfield, Buick, Republic, Auto Car, Reo, Federal, White, Chase, Signal, and Jeffery.

The contract for granolithic sidewalks went to Hector M. Henery, at 90 cents per square yard; for 75,000 gallons of asphalt to the Standard Oil Company at .0625; for blue stone curbing to Maher Bros.; for trap rock to J. P. Sullivan. The contract for printing the City Documents and Tax Lists went to the Mercury Publishing Company, and for six fire hydrants to the Newport Water Works.

There were many bids for a 12-passenger police patrol wagon, and the matter was referred to the committee on police station to report next Tuesday. The cars offered were Pierce Arrow, Cadillac, Knox, Auto Car, Jeffery, Buick, White, and Wyllys Utility. The committee on fire department supplies reported that a number of bids have been received, but the committee had had no opportunity to tabulate them, and they went over to next Tuesday.

March Cold at Last.

March showed more strenuous life in its closing days than it did in the beginning, the weather of the last few days having been quite severe. Tuesday morning there was an attempt at a blizzard, which for a time promised to be the real thing. The temperature was low for the season, being about 22 at sunrise and the air was filled with snow for some time. The flakes were dry and fine, and there was every indication of a prolonged snow storm. At the hour for sounding the no school signal, the air was full of snow, and Superintendent Lull was in serious doubt as to the advisability of holding school that morning. However, he decided not to ring the signal and at the hour for opening school the storm had abated considerably. By 10 o'clock the sun struggled through and the last snow storm of the winter (perhaps) was over. There was more snow here than there was in Providence, the storm appearing to follow the shore. In the vicinity of Warren, but little snow fell and that soon disappeared under the rays of the sun.

The temperatures have hung unseasonably low all the week, with little indication of the approach of spring. In the middle west there are cold spots still reported on their way east, and in the south the cold spells have done much damage. In this vicinity the weather has merely caused inconvenience, as the farmers have been able to work their land regularly, and have nothing in the ground that frosts could harm. We still need rain very badly, the long dry spell being almost unprecedented for this season of the year.

Easter Sunday.

Tomorrow will be Easter, the great spring festival day. Preparations have been going on for many months for this season in many different ways. The stores have displayed their spring stocks and have generally had a satisfactory amount of business when everything is taken into account. If the weather should be good to-morrow there will probably be quite a display of new Easter millinery on the streets, but the date falls this year rather early. It has sometimes come in March, but about the middle of April is more springlike and more conducive to a display of new frocks.

There will be special services in all the churches to-morrow, special music having been arranged for the occasion, and in many cases specially augmented choirs have been engaged. At the vesper service at Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones will deliver a special sermon to the members of St. John's, St. Paul's and Eureka Lodges, F. & A. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T. These organizations have accepted the invitation to be present and a large attendance is expected.

The public schools have closed for their Easter vacations and will not reopen until Monday, April 12th.

Telephone Reduction.

The Providence Telephone Company have voluntarily reduced their rates for Newport and will be most acceptable to the many users of the telephone in this city. The rates dating from April 1st will be for limited service, 500 messages a year, single party line \$35 instead of \$40, for two party line \$30 instead of \$33. For unlimited residence service single party line \$36 reduced from \$48, two party line \$30 instead of \$36.

The members of the Board of Trade think that their Merchant's week was a success, a large number of people having come out to look over the stocks, and many stores reporting an unusual number of buyers. A feature of the week, on Monday, was an unknown shopper known as "Miss Buyer" who would present \$10 in gold to the person recognizing her and using the right formula in announcing her discovery. The day passed without her identity being revealed, and then it was announced that Mrs. Joseph S. Milne had played the part.

Preparations are going forward for the special election in the fifth representative district to choose a successor to Mr. John B. Sullivan, although it seems likely that the General Assembly will have adjourned before the date for the election. Incidentally a recent meeting of the Democratic city committee, in connection with preparations for the election is said to have developed a storm of some magnitude, three members of the committee being accused of various misdeeds toward the party.

Building work on the Lawton lot on Broadway has begun in earnest. The weather has been very Marchy since April came in.

Capt. William Champion is seriously ill at his residence.

Recent Deaths.

William H. Crandall.

Mr. William H. Crandall, a veteran of the Civil War and one of the oldest active Masons in Newport, died on Tuesday evening at the residence of his daughter on Summer street. He had been gradually failing for some months, death being due to diseases incident to his advanced age of eighty years. In spite of his infirmities he retained consciousness until the end. Since the death of his wife some eight years ago, he had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Fred M. Hammett.

Mr. Crandall was born in South Kingstown, R. I., on Dec. 20, 1833, but had made Newport his home practically all his life. While still very young he decided to go to sea, starting in as cabin boy and working his way up to mate, having voyaged to many distant lands. He learned the carpenter's trade with his father who was a building contractor, and had worked at this trade at different times during his long life.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Navy, and saw active service during his two year enlistment, serving as master's mate for the greater part of the time. Upon returning to Newport he was engaged in the grocery business for a time, afterward resuming his trade as a carpenter, and being also employed in several Newport establishments.

Mr. Crandall had long been an active Mason, and took a deep interest in the Craft. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., DeBolsa Council, No. 5, R. & S. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and had attained the 32nd degree in Scottish Rite Masonry. He was a member of old Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and continued his membership in Lawton-Warren Post at the time of his death. In all of these bodies he was a regular attendant, and had held a number of offices.

He was a man of strong beliefs, who clung tenaciously to that which he believed to be right, but he was of a cheerful and companionable disposition, and all who knew him esteemed him highly.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Charles S. Crandall, and one daughter, Mrs. Fred M. Hammett. Another daughter, Mrs. William L. Frank died about five years ago.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Summer street on Friday afternoon, and were attended by a large gathering. The remains were escorted from the residence to the grave by Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., and Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. The Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave by the officers of St. John's Lodge.

The bearers were Sir Knights Andrew K. McMahon, James H. Hampton, and Edward L. Smith from the Commandery, and Past Masters William B. Scott, Robert W. Curry and Duncan McLean from the Lodge, Messrs. McMahon and Hampton also representing Lawton-Warren Post.

John B. P. Smith.

Mr. John B. Smith, a veteran of the Civil War, having the distinction of serving in both the army and navy in that great contest, died at his home on John street early Thursday morning. He was eighty-one years of age, and for the past two months had been failing steadily.

Mr. Smith was one of the old native Newporters, having been born here on May 3, 1833. He learned the painter's trade, but when the Civil War broke out and the call came for men to serve in the great army that must be raised, he threw down his tools and promptly tendered his service to his country. He became a member of the well known Company F of the First Rhode Island, made up almost entirely of Newporters, and saw service in the Battle of Bull Run. This was a three months regiment, and when his enlistment expired Mr. Smith returned to Newport, but afterward enlisted in the navy, with which he served for more than a year. He attained the rank of acting ensign.

Upon returning to Newport Mr. Smith was for a few years a member of the city watch, the predecessor of the present police force, during which time he had a number of interesting and exciting experiences. The city was not as quiet and orderly in those days as it is now, and at times the night watch had some lively struggles with the rowdies.

In 1868, he engaged in business as a painter, opening the shop on John street which he occupied until his death. In 1894 he took Mr. William H. Young into partnership under the firm name of John B. P. Smith & Co.

Mr. Smith was formerly a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, but withdrew from Lawton-Warren Post a few years ago. He was an active member of Newport Lodge of Elks and took a great interest in the

order. He was of a very companionable nature, and was an interesting conversationalist, having many warm friends. A few years ago his wife died, and his only near relative is a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, who lives in Washington.

A Newport Boy.

The Boston Globe says: Dr. Frank H. Holt has resigned as assistant superintendent of the City Hospital, a position he held 11 years, to become superintendent of the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. The resignation will take effect April 15 and on that day Dr. Holt will complete 22 years of service as a member of the City Hospital staff.

Dr. Holt in his new position as superintendent of the Michael Reese Hospital will receive a salary of \$6000 a year, which is a substantial increase over what he has received in Boston.

Dr. Holt entered the City Hospital May 29, 1893, and was appointed assistant superintendent on Jan. 1, 1901. A year after going to the hospital he entered the Harvard Medical School and received the degree of MD from Harvard in 1899. While attending Harvard he also attended the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and received his Ph.D. in 1895. He is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Boston Medical Library Association and the Boston Society for Medical Sciences.

Dr. Holt was born in Newport and was the son of the late John M. Holt. He has many relatives here who will be pleased to learn of his promotion.

Memorial Service.

The fifteenth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln will be observed by a memorial service to be held at Mt. Zion, A. M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, April 14. The Martyr President was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865. At the memorial service to be held here, Mr. D. B. Allen will preside, Rev. H. N. Jeter will act as master of ceremonies. The invocation will be offered by Austin Battle, the eulogy on Lincoln will be pronounced by Rev. C. L. Miller, reminiscences of Lincoln will be given by Rev. T. W. Henderson, and the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address will be by Miss Ruth Burton. The Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., will attend in a body and there will be some excellent singing. America will be sung and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic," will be a part of the musical programme. The public is invited.

A Block Island Question.

A stormy time is expected at Block Island to-day when a financial town meeting will be held to consider the matter of leasing the bathing beach. There are two strong factions in the town regarding this matter, but whether both will be represented at the town meeting is a question. A bill has been introduced in the General Assembly conferring upon the town council authority to lease the beach, but those who are pushing the town meeting do not like the bill. It is understood that the New Shoreham delegation in the General Assembly is divided on the subject, the Senator taking one side, and the Representative the other.

An improvement in the mail service is noted in the resumption of registered mail by the Wickford Line. Some time ago an order was issued, requiring all registered mail from New York and the West to be carried to Boston and brought down to Newport from there, in order to keep it in the custody of the regular mail clerks. This caused much delay and the order has now been rescinded, the registered mail coming across from Wickford in the early morning, as formerly.

Colonel William Jay, who died at White Sulphur Springs on Saturday last, was well known in Newport. He was a descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and was himself a well known member of the bar. He was a devotee of coaching and other sports, and had often led the coaching parades in Newport in years gone by.

Miss Mildred Minkler of the Commercial department of the Rogers High School will receive a handsome gold medal from the Remington Company for proficiency in typewriting, having attained a speed of 60 words a minute for 10 minutes. The medal has arrived at the school and will be presented at the graduating exercises.

The Hebrew residents of the city have been observing the Passover during the week, special services having been held in the Synagogue with good attendance.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Esther Sophia Greenlund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Greenlund, and Mr. Henry A. Ronks of St. Louis.

MIDDLETOWN.

(Written for the Mercury by a Correspondent.)

HEARING ON SCHOOL QUESTION.

A good number attended the public hearing held at the town hall Monday evening to discuss the school situation. The affair was arranged by Mr. Fred P. Webber of the School Committee, and Mr. William L. Brown, chairman, presided. The speakers were the Hon. Joel Peckham, Superintendent of Schools, State School Commissioner Walter E. Ronger of Providence and Rev. E. E. Wells. The situation was presented by the members of the School Board. Mr. Peckham stating that he considered the proposition presented by the School Committee to be one of the most important to come before the town. Mr. Ronger urged the creation of a larger and better sentiment for education today, is for all of the public not for any individual-only as they are included in the whole. An educated child is a distinct asset. Rev. Mr. Wells felt that people should be far-sighted enough to realize the distinct benefit that would be gained by better education privileges and that a graded central school would very soon prove its superiority over the present system. The future enters largely into this problem as the population is increasing rapidly. There was a good representation of women, including several teachers in the town.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held their monthly meeting, postponed from early in March, on Tuesday at the M. E. Church parlors. Mrs. E. E. Wells presided, in the absence of the president, Mrs. Fred Smith. Plans were made to send a box in April to a boy's school at Singapore, India. The program was devoted to "The Child at Play and at Work."

The members of Holy Cross Guild are planning to hold their usual monthly supper next Thursday evening at the Guild House.

AQUINEX GRANGE.

Aquinox Grange had quite a delegation of visitors last week at its regular meeting of the six Granges of the County being represented, but little Compton. Worthy Master John Nicholson appointed the committee of three, requested by the State Master Joseph A. Peckham, to co-operate with the schools in regard to the introduction of agriculture and domestic science. The following were named: Mrs. Elnora A. Peckham of the Public School Committee, Mr. R. Wallace Peckham, and Mr. Philip Caswell. Following the reading of a communication regarding an act to increase the yearly maintenance fund and general equipment of Kingston College, a resolution was endorsed petitioning the General Assembly to this effect.

Remarks were made by State Master Peckham, Worthy Master of Newport County Pomona Grange, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton, Worthy Master, George Caleb Carr of Jamestown, and Jesse Durfee of Portsmouth Grange. At the conclusion of degree work the lecturer a hour was thrown open to the public and a fine literary program presented by Arthur J. Rhodes, of Jamestown, and selections by Mr. Fred P. Webber. Tables were afterward brought in and an elaborate collation served, during which a musical program was rendered upon a victrola. About a hundred were present. On Thursday next at the town hall, the lecturer's hour will be devoted to a complimentary dance tendered Portsmouth Grange.

No meeting of the Oliphant Club was held this week on account of Good Friday. Next week, the annual meeting will be held with Miss Etta Sherman, who will conduct a program upon Peace.

Mrs. Jesse L. Valley entertained the members of the Paradise Club on Wednesday. It was voted, after much general discussion of the school question, to endorse the proposition presented by the Public School Committee for a central graded school house.

Miss M. May Ward is home from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, on her Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Durfee and family removed from Newport Saturday to the upper tenement of the Anthony Cottage near Turner's Road.

A well attended and interesting cottage service of the Epworth League was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholson last week. Rev. E. E. Wells presented the subject, "Our Nation's Wards or a White Man's Chance for Red Men and Black Men." The Friday evening service this week was also conducted by the pastor at the M. E. Church parlors, subject, "Easter, the Promise of Immortality."

Last Sabbath having been Palm Sunday, palms were extensively used upon the altar and about the church at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Rev. John B. Diman was in charge. On Easter Sunday at 10 o'clock a special musical service will be rendered by the vested choir from St. George's School and also at the evening service at 7:30.

Miss Hattie Brown was appointed on Sunday last to assist the Mercy and Help Department of the Epworth League in securing and arranging flowers for the Easter service at 2:45 o'clock at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Following the evening service at 7:45 the flowers will be sent to the sick and shut ins.

The mite boxes of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches will be presented on the afternoon of Easter day at the latter church at its usual service at 2:30. The Wednesday evening Lenten service was held at the Church of the Holy Cross and that of Good Friday at St. Mary's. A Good Friday service was also held at 11 o'clock at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Branches of green ferns with purple streamers were placed over the memorial tablet to the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone Good Friday evening, the 7th anniversary of his death.

Mr. Ara Hildreth, the oldest man in Newport, has been confined to his home by illness for over a week. He is now somewhat better.

Established by Franklin in 1768.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, April 3, 1915.

Vincent Astor will erect a seven-story office building to cost \$500,000 on the southern half of the site of the old Astor House in New York.

The total number of automobiles and trucks in the United States at the end of 1914 was 1,754,670. This is a gain of 600,695 in 12 months and compares with 677,000 in 1911.

Former United States Senator Theo. E. Burton is a candidate for the republican nomination for Presidency. There are others. And the time for the nomination is over a year off.

Col. Webb, the supervisor of the States Census informs us that the population of Newport will be nearly, if not quite, 30,000. All the towns in the County will show a gain over 1910.

It is said that the Providence trolleys are losing \$1500 a day from the jitney competition. Nearly six hundred autos have gone into the business and the auto busses are seen on every corner.

For the March quarter 31 New Bedford and Fall River cotton mills have failed to declare any dividends on part or all of their capital. Total capitalization affected is \$33,449,700, or 45 per cent of the total in the two cities. Yet President Wilson tells us there is nothing the matter with business.

Lending republicans believe Theo. Roosevelt will support Bora, Burton or Weeks as republican candidate for President.

Roosevelt support would do more harm than good. The people are tired of him, and the papers will do the country much good if they will let him remain in seclusion.

The voters league of Providence which is an annex to the Providence Journal is out with a long document condemning the General Assembly for not passing measures at the dictation of that body. In as much as most of the Republican members were elected in spite of the opposition of the Journal and the league, it would naturally be supposed that these members would not take kindly to this kind of dictation.

The Candidates for President on the Republican ticket are getting numerous; a pretty sure sign that success for that party is in the general belief. We take the liberty of naming what can easily be pronounced a winning ticket: ROOT AND WEEKS.

Fifty years ago next Friday General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox and the gigantic Rebellion came to an end. Fifty years ago April 14 Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. These are two important anniversaries to be remembered.

The Representative Council and the Board of Aldermen are working overtime this year. The reorganization of the Newport Fire Department and the building of new school houses, consume much time and give occasion for the display of no little eloquence.

The arbitrary one man roads board meets with little favor among the members of the General Assembly outside the city of Providence and vicinity. Such a board was conceived by the Providence Journal to enable it to work out its spite against the present county system. It ought to be killed and we believe it will be. Under it the expenses of the roads improvement would be increased at least one hundred per cent. The absurdity of the whole movement is shown by the fact that the same man is to head the "one man board" as is now employed by the county board. He is to be made monarch of roads for six years and while he is now working for \$3000, under the new system he will receive \$5500 a year with power to appoint assistants without limit. At the conference of the Republican members of the General Assembly held Thursday the opposition was very pronounced.

General Assembly.

The end of the January session of the General Assembly is indicated by the increasing committee reports and the longer daily sessions of both branches. Considerable business has been transacted during the past week, although adjournment was taken over Good Friday. The general appropriation bill has been passed in concurrence and signed by the Governor.

Newport figured prominently in the House on Tuesday, when the bill to free the City of Newport from the obligation to pay a share of the damages done by dogs in Middletown and Portsmouth was passed after a sharp debate. It is likely that the bill will fail to pass the Senate.

On Wednesday the House also had a lively debate over the bill to repeal the police commission in the Town of Cumberland. On a close vote the bill failed of passage.

The Suffragists are again active in the Legislature, in spite of the failure of their Presidential bill in the House last week. They have introduced a constitutional amendment in the Senate giving women the right to vote on all questions, the same as the men. Strenuous efforts are being made to pass the amendment to the roads bill, but its fate is still uncertain.

People are Getting Their Eyes Open.

The European war can no longer be utilized as a scapegoat for dullness, depression, hard times and unemployment in any part of the United States, according to W. S. Cousins, editor of the American Banker. Mr. Cousins does not give this merely as an expert opinion, in ex cathedra fashion. He gives facts and figures to show that as far as the United States is concerned the influence of the war "has been stimulating beyond all precedent." But it was unnecessary for him to remind us of this fact. Secretary Redfield has been making exultant reports of the enormous increase in American exports. While manufactures of war supplies contribute to the total, there has been an increase all along the line. The exports of foodstuffs have reached proportions to cause some alarm. Nor is there prospect of a falling off. Even should the Danubian be opened and an outlet for Russia's wheat thus afforded, there would, as Mr. Cousins points out, be no reduction in the demand for American products. In fact, such opening would provide a market heretofore closed to American goods.

That industrial depression had struck this country long before the European war began was a matter of general knowledge. The President had offered his naive explanation as to its "psychological" character, but this did not impress the men and women who had been thrown out of employment. In the great industrial centers the situation was so marked that it was reflected in the election returns in November. The great agricultural sections of the country had just begun to feel the effects of a home market which had been hurt by reduced buying power and also by importation of products from other lands, when the war created a demand which counteracted these tendencies. But for the war the rebuke of the national administration would have been as severe in the West as in the East.

It may be asked, in view of the stimulating effects of the war on American industries, why there is not greater prosperity. The bank statements suggest the explanation. The banks are glutted with money, which is not being loaned on long terms. Nobody except Democratic politicians has any confidence in the future as long as the Democratic party is in power. Right or wrong, it is considered hostile to business and all the rhetoric of the President and his cabinet officials cannot overcome the general feeling. It is this condition which has moved even the Democratic members of Congress, to predict the election of a Republican President next year.

The Next Congress

Of the nine United States senators who retired to private life with the expiration of the Sixty-third Congress, Senators Root and Burton have won the greatest distinction. Perhaps no individual in the history of the government has rendered public service at greater financial sacrifice than Senator Root has made while secretary of war, secretary of state and United States senator. He brought to these offices a strength of intellect and a wealth of knowledge seldom equaled in any country. A political enemy in New York, of great journalistic activities, has for years sought to spread the view that Senator Root was the representative of great financial interests, and the fact that he has been compelled at times to take an extreme position against radical proposals has lent some color to the charge. But men who know him best positively assert that the only client he has known in public life has been the people. Eschewing polysyllabic profundity, he has discussed the greatest questions with marvelous insight and in language school-children can understand. Many of his speeches will rank with those of Webster, Clay and Calhoun.

Senator Burton stands almost as high in the esteem of his colleagues, in spite of his fight on rivers and harbors bills. A minority of the friends of river and harbor improvement plausibly argue that he has rendered a genuine service to the cause, predicting that a general, systematic, scientific method will, largely as a result of his endeavor, take the place of the old hit-and-miss system. Readers of the Congressional Record have been struck by Senator Burton's apparent omniscience and by his utter frankness in the discussion of all questions. Senator Perkins, an expert on shipping and commerce, will likewise be missed. The Senate will gain Mr. Underwood and Mr. Broussard. Occasionally men conspicuous in the House have failed to impress the Senate, but they were usually orators of the spread-eagle type. Mr. Underwood possesses ideal qualifications for a senator.

The House will miss some prominent figures, victims of senatorial ambitions, gerrymanders, indifferent voters or desire for appointive offices. Mr. Bartoldt, a veteran of great influence, retires of his own volition. But the House will gain some able men who fell in the factional fight of 1912, among them being Mr. Cannon, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Foss, Mr. Longworth, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Rodenberg, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Sterling. Taking it all in all, the House profits by the changes of the 1914 election.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy has \$25,000,000 invested in Krupp armament works. If Italy declares war on Germany the king's investment will be seized by German authorities and the house of Savoy impoverished, says an exchange. That accounts for the hesitancy of Italy going into war.

One Hundred Years Ago.

(Excerpt from copy of April 1, 1915)

THE APPROACHING ELECTION.

On Wednesday, the 19th instant, the electors of Rhode Island will give their suffrages for State Officers. The candidates, who will receive the undivided support of the Friends of Peace, Commerce, and the true Washington Principles of Liberty and Republican Government, are:

His Excellency, WILLIAM JONES, Esq., GOVERNOR.
The honorable SIMON MARTIN, Esq., LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

1. Nicholas Brown, Esq., of Providence.
2. James Rhodes, Esq., of Warwick.
3. George Irish, Esq., of Middletown.
4. Joshua Peckham, Esq., of Newport.
5. Robert Harris, Esq., of Smithfield.
6. Edward Manton, Esq., of Johnston.

7. Sylvester Child, Jun., Esq., of Warren.
8. Nicholas C. Northup, Esq., of North Kingstown.
9. Thomas Noyes, Esq., of Westerly.
10. Rowland Hazard, Esq., of South Kingstown.

Samuel Eddy, Esq., Secretary.

Samuel W. Brigham, Esq., Attorney General.

While the democrats are strenuously endeavoring to collect their forces and re-organize their broken columns, it behooves the friends of the present order of things in this State to be vigilant and active. The men above named are well known; they are entitled to the utmost respect and confidence; and their principals are those which have guided the State in safety through the dangers that lately surrounded us, and saved us from a large portion of the calamities which the late war has inflicted on other parts of the Union. Let us then show by our votes our increase confidence in them. Let not the returning season of activity in our commercial enterprises find the merchant so immersed in the cares of business as to be indifferent to the fate of an election on which may depend the welfare of his family and the safety of his country. While the farmer rejoices that he can now pursue his accustomed employment, having none to molest or make him afraid, let him consider that he has no other hope for the continuance of peace and the return of prosperity but in the faithful and vigilant discharge of his civil duties.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 1, 1865.)

WAR NEARING THE END?

The impression seems to be general among those watching the progress of the American War that this great conflict will be brought to an end at no very distant day. And some are inquiring whether the last bloody battle has been already fought. The situation is known down to the present week, with General Sherman's army resting at Goldsboro, after some hard fighting in the Carolinas against the inferior numbers of the enemy, who contested his progress at different times and places, but unsuccessfully. And this circumstance with the failure of Lee to sever the army before Petersburg by capturing Fort Steadman, which was afterwards recaptured from him, presents the outlines of the impression to which we have alluded.

Peace rumors seem likely to attract most attention at the close of another week of excitement in various quarters upon one or another subject, but they are only rumors of peace supposed to be in prospect. Even Davis and Lee are now supposed to be aware that there chances of ever being in a better situation to gain any object which they may desire to secure are small and daily becoming smaller. On the other side, the President is known to be on a visit to General Grant at his headquarters at the head of his army. It is said that this visit of the President is made to bring back with him the news of peace on the threshold. Since the capture of Atlanta, great changes have altered the appearance of things.

Before that event, the disaster of Red River had in effect freed Louisiana from Federal occupation. The enterprise into Florida had also failed. Missouri was almost all in Confederate hands. Kentucky and Tennessee were threatened with invasion. Several attempts to flank Lee had been made in vain. Charleston still held out triumphantly. The blockade was still ineffectual to prevent a great amount of illicit trade; and the price of gold was nearly 300. Now, it is believed to be the opinion of many that clemency would be honorable and successful.

At the last meeting of the City Council, Mr. P. C. Shanahan, who has recently erected the beautiful hotel near the fountain, petitioned that body for the removal of the two trees near the foot of the Mall, and for that portion of the Mall to be opened as a public highway. The committee on highways have the matter under consideration, and if they act with the views of nearly every citizen who has examined the premises, they will grant the request. The Mall is but little used at any time, and the two lonely trees are no ornament and can be easily spared, especially when by so doing the finest house in the city is brought to view.

Mr. A. Smith, who keeps the record, informs us that a larger number of cottages than usual at the first of April have been rented for the summer season.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

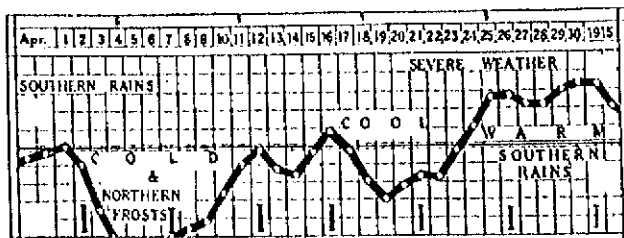
(Newport Mercury of April 3, 1890.)

FIRST AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

Rhode Island held her annual spring election on Wednesday, and being the first under the Australian ballot law it was possessed of elements heretofore unknown. The utter secrecy of the vote filled the party leaders and the several candidates with great uncertainty. The verdict of the voters, however, was unanimously in favor of the system, notwithstanding the fact that in some of the wards some of the most objectionable of the old time methods were practiced. The only objection to the law seems to be in counting the ballots after the polls are closed. In some instances this took until 4 o'clock Thursday morning, and the board of aldermen were in session over the official count from 10 o'clock to 6:30 Thursday, and from 8 o'clock Thursday night to 1:30 o'clock Friday morning.

In this city the election resulted in no majority for first and fourth representatives, and a second election was called.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



General average of temperatures for the States and Canada for April will be a little below normal, first half of month being very considerably below and last half a little above. A great cold wave is expected to cross continent, moving eastward from April 3 to 9 and a great warm wave from 23 to May 3. Most severe storm April 23 to 30. Heaviest rains during weeks centering on April 5 and 28. Frosts well to southward during week centering on April 6. Excessive rains in all southern and eastern sections. Good crop weather in all sections, except too much rain in cotton States. Bad crop weather for cotton is expected this year. Southern States could plant corn.

Treble line represents reasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

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Washington, D. C. April 3, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent March 30 to April 4 and April 5 to 9; warm waves March 23 to April 3 and April 4 to 9; cool waves April 2 to 6 and 7 to 11. Last days of March were expected to bring near normal temperatures followed by a long spell of unusually cold weather with frosts farther south than is common for the season. Heavy rains east of the Rockies expected in southern and eastern sections decreasing northward and westward and heavy rains west of Rockies in southern sections decreasing northward.

The temperatures are expected to rise some on meridian 90 near April 7, a little earlier west of that line and a little later east of it.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 9, cross Pacific slope by close of 10, great central valleys 11 to 13, eastern sections 14. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 9, great central valleys 11, eastern sections 13. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 16.

This disturbance will cause a great rise in temperatures, which, during its passage, will average near normal. Rainfall will not be great in amount most of it will be in southern and eastern sections, decreasing toward the northwest, east of the Rockies. West of the Rockies most rain will be on southern slopes, decreasing northward. Force of the storms with this disturbance will be greater than usual.

Fourth disturbance of April will reach Pacific coast about April 13, cross Pacific slope by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern sections 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 13, great central valleys 15, eastern sections 17.

for April 4. William J. Underwood was elected Senator by 65 majority over Robert S. Franklin; William R. Hunter second representative over William J. Swinburne; Charles Acton Ives third representative over Mahlon Van Horn, and William S. Cranston fifth representative over David Braman. Daniel B. Fessing received 337 majority over Rev. Forrest F. Emerson for school committee.

At the second election on April 1 William P. Clarke defeated William P. Sheffield, Jr., for first representative, and Andrew K. Quinn defeated John J. Carry for fourth representative.

HATZELL-KING WEDDING.

The residence of Councilman Coggeshall, on Arnold avenue, was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday evening, Miss Caroline Grace King, daughter of Captain Nathan King and sister of Mrs. Coggeshall, being the bride, and Mr. John C. Hatzell of New York the groom. Rev. Charles C. Gilliat, D. D., rector of St. George's Church, officiated, and Mr. John Williams of New York performed the duties of best man, while Miss Lillian Crandall of this city acted as bridesmaid. A reception and wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, and the happy pair took the Old Colony steamer for their future home in the Metropolis.

THE NEW STEAMER PLYMOUTH.

The launch of the palatial side wheel steamer Plymouth, built at Roach's Shipyard, Chester, Pa., for the Old Colony Steamboat Company, took place at 11:25 Thursday morning and was a grand success. The vessel when completed and ready to take her place on the line will, it is thought, be the most beautiful craft afloat, and a perfect model of naval architecture. Miss Belle Taylor of New York christened the ship, and after the great hull was consigned to the deep upwards of 500 of those present partook of a banquet.

Prof. William Irving Lyon has resigned as organist of Trinity Church in this city and accepted a lucrative position in one of the larger churches in Newburg, N. Y. Mrs. Lyon has also resigned her position in the Congregational choir and they will remove to their new home about the 15th instant.

Mr. J. Stacy Brown, son of Postmaster Brown, Mr. Harry Titus, son of Mr. A. C. Titus, and Mr. Robert Franklin, son of Senator Franklin, students at Harvard, have been at their Newport homes this week.

At the great memorial meeting in Albany on Sunday, March 15, in memory of Justin H. Rathbone, the founder of the order of Knights of Pythias, Mr. James B. Brayton of this city, Supreme Representative, was one of the principal speakers, and delivered a very eloquent oration. There were over 3000 people present.

Yankee, boasting of the great heat experienced in America—it's so hot it burns the wings of the Irish Pat—That's nothing to what it is in Ireland. We have to feed hens ice cream to keep them from laying boiled eggs.—London Telegraph.

"Professor, do you think my daughter has any qualifications for the piano?" "Well, she has two hands, madam."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Payton—Are all his children bright? Parker—No: one's level-headed.—Life.

KING'S EXAMPLE IS EFFECTIVE

Long Step Toward Curbing the

Drink Evil in Britain

KITCHENER NOW A FEETOTALER

Alcoholic Beverages Banished From Household of War Secretary and Other Public Officials—Drink Question and Labor Problem Considered as One—Glasgow Gets in Line

Lord Kitchener, British secretary of war, and just now the foremost figure in Great Britain, is the first to follow the example proposed by King George and banish all alcoholic beverages from his household.

The war secretary gave instructions that no intoxicating drink of any kind should be used in his household during the remainder of the war.

Many men in high public life, including members of the government, were quick to follow the example set by the king and have announced their desire to help the nation by becoming total abstainers. If this social revolution comes about, and all the indications point to the fact that it is at hand, it will put nearly 46,000,000 persons upon the "water wagon."

The drink question and the labor problem have become so closely related since the war began that they are now considered as one. According to statistics compiled for the cabinet, workmen have lost on an average of three days a week through drunkenness.

This state of affairs naturally cripples industries, especially those that are turning out arms, ammunition and other supplies vitally needed by the army. It has also handicapped work in the shipyards and on the docks, where there is now a tremendous demand for reliable labor.

Newspapers devote almost as much space to the prohibition question as they do to operations in the war zone. Most of them are in sympathy with the movement because of the necessity for it, but there are others which ask for modified prohibition so that the public house keepers will not lose entirely their sole means of livelihood.

The Times in an editorial expressed the hope that with such a fine example as the king's letter it would not be necessary to establish prohibition by law. It argued that the people would naturally follow the lead of their king.

The Daily Telegraph calls attention to the tremendous effect of the king's letter in official circles.

The government revenue from drink is about \$200,000,000 a year, whereas the war is costing \$300,000,000 a month. Thus the loss of \$200,000,000 against \$3,000,000,000 is comparatively small, the prohibitionists argue, especially when one considers the added efficiency of the workmen in the arsenals and other war supply factories.

Kitchener declares that the more guns and ammunition the British and French armies get during the next stages of the war, the quicker the hostilities will come to an end.

A new complication arose when the allied engineering trades, comprising 60,000 men, demanded a wage increase of \$1.50 a week. The arsenals at Woolwich and Eltham are affected by this demand.

The intelligence division of the war office has begun an investigation of persistent reports that German agents are fostering strikes and hard drinking among British workmen.

NEW MEXICAN PLOT?

Suspicion That Fresh Trouble May Be Engineered by Huerta

Reports that General Huerta has left Cadiz for an "unknown destination," coupled with the story that he planned a new insurrection in Mexico, greatly interested administration officials at Washington.

The state department is entirely without confirmation, but it has known for some time that Huerta is dissatisfied with the quiet life and that certain Spanish financiers are anxious to back a revolution that would protect their imperiled Mexican investments.

The Spanish ambassador conferred with Secretary Bryan and Counselor Lansing, but officials declined to say whether Huerta's plans were under discussion.

CASH STRANGELY MISSING

Ex-County Treasurer Cannot Account For Its Disappearance

Nearly half of the total amount collected by George H. Harper, ex-county treasurer of Washington county, Me., in 1914, is missing.

Harper went out of office last January, being defeated for re-election in September. An investigation into his accounts, begun after he left office by Calvin Clark of Lewiston, chairman of the county commissioners, shows a deficit of about \$25,000.

Where the money has gone to remains a mystery. Harper claims he does not know where he made the mistakes and knows nothing about the shortage.

Strikers Return at Old Wage Operatives at the Erie waste mill, Fall River, Mass., who quit work a week ago, following a reduction of wages, returned to work at the old wages in fact when they did.

Strike of Seven Thousand Paid Seven thousand Chicago, who were ordered to strike when an employers' committee failed to reach an agreement with the labor representatives.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, APRIL, 1915

STANDARD TIME.

Sun	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
rise	sets	rise	sets	rise	sets	rise	sets
5 26	6 15	5 11	6 00	4 56	5 45	4 51	5 40
4 51	5 40	4 36	5 25	4 32	5 21	4 27	5 16
4 27	5 16	4 12	5 01	4 08	4 57	4 03	4 52
4 03	4 52	3 48	4 37	3 44	4 33	3 40	4 28
3 40	4 28	3 25	4 22	3 21	4 10	3 17	4 06
3 21	4 10	3 06	4 07	3 02	3 55	2 58	3 51
3 02	3 55	2 47	3 52	2 43	3 45	2 38	3 40
2 43	3 45	2 32	3 40	2 28	3 37	2 23	3 34
2 28	3 37	2 17	3 33	2 13	3 34	2 08	3 31
2 13	3 34	2 02	3 30	1 58	3 31	1 53	3 28
1 58	3 31	1 47	3 27	1 43	3 28	1 38	3 25
1 43	3 28	1 32	3 24	1 28	3 25	1 23	3 22
1 28	3 25	1 17	3 21	1 13	3 22	1 08	3 19
1 13	3 22	1 02	3 18	1 08	3 19	1 03	3 16
1 08	3 19	0 57	3 15	0 53	3 16	0 48	3 13
0 53	3 16	0 42	3 12	0 38	3 13	0 33	3 10
0 38	3 13	0 27	3 09	0 23	3 10	0 18	3 07
0 23	3 10	0 12	3 06	0 08	3 07	0 03	3 04
0 08	3 07	0 02	3 03	0 00	3 04	0 00	3 01
0 00	3 04	0 00	3 00	0 00	3 00	0 00	3 00

Mean last of April 6 3:20, Evening
New Moon April 11 6:38m, Morning
Full Moon April 22 10:39m, Morning
Full Moon April 29 9:19m, Morning

Deaths.

In this city, 21st ult., Abby Sheehan, wife of John H. Murphy.

In this city, 21st ult., Catherine, widow of Patrick Sullivan.

In this city, March 29, Michael Dwyer, wife of John H. Murphy, and daughter of the late James J. and Mary A. Sheehan.

In this city, 21st ult., William Yancy, in the 61st year of his age.

In this city, 21st ult., William H. Crandall, in his 82d year.

In this city, 21st ult., John M., son of Cornelius and Johanna Sullivan.

In this city, 1st inst., J. B. F. Smith, in his 83d year.

In Thompson, Conn., 31st ult., Laura Hines, wife of Rev. Brewer G. Boardman, in her 62d year.

In Providence, 27th ult., William H. T. Slozier, in his 67th year.

In Louisville, K. C., 28th ult., Frances M., wife of Charles G. Anthony, formerly of this city.

STEAMERS NOT GIVEN WARNING

French and British Craft Sunk by German Submarine

THIRTY LIVES ARE SACRIFICED

Both Vessels Go Down Within Three Minutes After Being Struck by Torpedoes—Russian Invasion of Hungary Progressing Successfully. According to Petrograd Report—British Aviators Drop Bombs on German Submarine Bases—Operations of Only Minor Importance on Western Fields of Battle

Thirty more lives have been sacrificed to the indiscriminate activity of German submarines in the English channel.

Within the period of twenty-four hours two merchant vessels of the allied nations were sunk, the French steamer *Simona*, upon which nineteen members of the crew perished, and the British steamer *Baron Seas*, which carried down eleven men.

In neither case was there any warning given. Hardly had the portico of the submarine been sighted when the awful crash of a torpedo in the ship's vitals was heard, and there was a scramble for the boats which involved death for those who had no time to get away.

The *Heaven Seas* was torpedoed off Healy Head and eleven of her crew of eighteen, including all the officers except the second engineer, were drowned. The steamer, which was a small boat of 832 tons, was bound from London to Liverpool.

The force of the explosion was so great that the patches were torn off and a big hole was torn in the steamer's side, causing her to sink within three minutes. The survivors, three of whom were injured, were landed at Newlyn by a British destroyer.

The *Simona*, which was bound to Jorden, was torpedoed also off Healy Head, presumably by the same submarine. Nineteen members of her crew were drowned, only two being saved.

The portico of the German tor-
rider had hardly been sighted when the torpedo struck the *Simona* in the region of the engine room, no warning of any kind having been given. This boat also went down inside the three-minute limit. A British destroyer subsequently picked up two members of the *Simona's* crew who had been in the water for a couple of hours, and at the same time recovered two bodies.

Gains Claimed by Russia
It is claimed that the Russian war of-
fice that the Russian troops are win-
ning all along the Carpathian front,
and that the invasion of Hungary
through Dukla pass is progressing
successfully. Russian officials ad-
mit, however, that the Austro-Ger-
man forces are still offering an ob-
stinate resistance and that earlier
predications of a general retreat on
the part of the Teutonic troops were
premature.

The claim made by the Austrian
general staff that the Austrians had
recaptured their positions at the
mouth entrance of Dukla pass, thus
cutting off the Russian troops who had
invaded the Onitava and Labora val-
leys, was officially denied at the Rus-
sian war office, where it was asserted
that the Russian troops had advanced
thirty miles into Hungary.

Austrian losses of the last two
weeks in the Carpathians are offi-
cially estimated at Petrograd at more
than 45,000. A statement issued by
the war office announces the capture
of 16,477 prisoners by the Russians
in the mountain campaign, between
March 20 and March 23, together with
ten cannon and sixty-two machine
guns.

Bombs For German Submarines
Once more the aeroplanes of Brit-
ain's naval aviation corps have flown
over the German submarine bases on
the Belgian coast, dropping bombs
upon all the sea terrors they could
discover. It is believed that consid-
erable damage was wrought, although
this is not easily ascertainable.

An official report of the raid given
out by the British admiralty says
four bombs on submarines being con-
structed at Hoboken, near Antwerp,
and that Flight Lieutenant Wilson
threw bombs upon two submarines
lying near the mole at Zeebrugge.
The aeroplanes returned safely to
their base at Dunkirk, France, and
the pilots reported that the raid was
apparently successful.

On the Franco-Belgian line only
operations of minor importance are
recorded. Mine warfare has been in
progress at many points in the west,
and at other points there have been
artillery duels and occasional infantry
attacks, but nothing that has in any
way approached the proportions of a
battle.

The French bulletin deals mostly
with minor operations at Damperre
and Berry-au-Bac, which they claim
resulted to their advantage.

They also state that in their ad-
vance in the La Frette forest they
captured the Germans and repulsed
an attack near Perroy, with heavy
losses to the enemy.

The German bulletin does not say
much more. They claim to have
made a slight advance on the ex-
treme west end of the line near
Mons and to have captured a few
Belgians.

In the Vosges there appear to have
been only artillery duels of no par-
ticular consequence.

Matters continue uneventful at the
Dardanelles. The Russian fleet, ap-
parently the same which has been
bombarding the Black sea entrance of

LADY LONDONDERRY.

Peeress Leads Woman's
Volunteer Reserves Who
Plan to Protect Country.



Photo by American Press Association

England is organizing women's vol-
unteer reserves. The women are
taught signalling, dispatch riding,
telegraphing, motoring and camp
cooking. It has been explained that
the corps is for use only in the event
of an invasion of England. Four
companies have already been formed,
with Lady Londonderry as colonel.

The *Hesperus*, went some 100 miles
to the east and bombarded some
Turkish Black sea ports in the coal
district. According to the Turkish
report but little damage was done.

Reports that an American life has
been lost in the war zone around the
British Isles were brought officially to
the attention of the Washington gov-
ernment when Ambassador Page and
Consul General Skinner at London
cabled that Leon G. Thresher, an
American citizen, had been drowned
in the destruction of the British liner
Kabala by a German submarine.

The reports merely transmitted un-
official statements, and instructions
were sent immediately to both offi-
cials to begin an investigation and re-
port promptly.

No action will be taken by the
United States government until this
official version of Thresher's death has
been received and all the facts sur-
rounding the destruction of the
Kabala have been carefully scruti-
nized.

A representative of the company
which had employed Thresher saw
him aboard the liner before she
sailed. That is as far as official in-
formation goes, and Page or Skin-
ner now will undertake to get state-
ments from survivors who can give
positive evidence that the American
was drowned.

Ambassador Sharp, at Paris, was
called upon by the state department
for a report as to the circumstances
surrounding the arrest of Raymond
Swoboda, an American citizen,
charged with having set fire to La
Touraine, a French liner, on her re-
cent trip from New York to Havre.

MERCHANTMEN SUNK

Hundred and Twenty Lives Lost as
Germans Sink Steamers

One hundred and twenty lives were
lost in the sinking by submarines of
the African liner *Kabala* and the
British steamer *Agulha*, bound from
Liverpool for Lisbon.

The *Kabala*, which was torpedoed
on St. George's channel, carried a
crew of ninety and about 160 passen-
gers. The German submarine is
said to have circled about and watched
the passengers down without offering
aid.

In both cases, on sighting the sub-
marine, the captain tried to escape
by putting on all speed possible, but
the underwater craft overtook the
steamers, showing that Germany now
has some of her most modern subma-
rines engaged in the blockade opera-
tions against England.

"MASS OF WILD BEASTS"

How Men on Battlefields Appear to
Baroness Von Ettnre

Her nerves shattered by the scenes
she witnessed on the Galician battle
line, Baroness von Ettnre, who was
decorated by Emperor Francis Joseph
for her work among the wounded,
arrived at New York.

"Europe is just a mass of wild
beasts tearing at each other's throats
to kill or to die," said the baroness.

"The hearts of all are devoid of
feeling. I cannot close my eyes with-
out seeing dead men torn and shat-
tered and hearing the moans of the
wounded. I could stand it no longer.
Sights I saw in the trenches are past
description."

CHEATED THE GOVERNMENT

Oleomargarine Men Plead Guilty to
Charges in Federal Court

William J. Higgins and Jeremiah
H. Hall, who have been on trial at
Providence before Judge Brown in the
United States district court, pleaded
guilty of conspiracy to defraud the
government. They will be sentenced
later.

They were charged with defrauding
the government of \$174,000 in taxes
by coloring oleomargarine which they
manufactured.

Death of Lord Rothschild
Lord Nathan M. Rothschild, head
of the English branch of the Roth-
schild family, died suddenly in Lon-
don. He was born in Piedmont Nov.
3, 1840.

LIFE PROLONGED THREE HOURS

Heart Massage on Prisoner
Proves Successful

HAD BEEN PRONOUNCED DEAD

Swallowed Deadly Poison as He Was
About to Be Taken to Court and Had
Apparently Succumbed to Its Ef-
fect—Once Prosperous Man Had
Become Confessed Forger

Arrested at Boston after a chase
that had led nearly twice across the
country, on a charge of theft of \$4000
from banks in New Orleans and San
Francisco, Willard G. Wallace, 30,
swallowed cyanide of potassium in his
cell in the city prison and died a few
hours later.

Wallace drank the poison a few
minutes before Inspector Loughlin
went to his cell to take him into
court.

The dying man was rushed to the
rebel hospital, where eight men, un-
der the direction of Dr. Brickley,
worked more than an hour and a half,
in an attempt to restore respiration.
Wallace showed no signs of life, and
nine minutes later there was abso-
lutely no indication that life was not
extinct. Dr. Waters, medical ex-
aminer, voiced the opinion that the
man was dead.

"I'd like to perform a manual mas-
sage of the heart through the abdo-
men," interposed Brickley, and, re-
ceiving permission, proceeded to
make a quick incision in the man's
abdomen.

Putting his hand through this the
physician began the massage, or com-
pression of the heart, and at the end
of fifteen minutes the watchers saw
Wallace's face turn from purple to
red and noted signs of respiration.
He literally had been called back to
life. The arduous task of keeping
him alive was continued, and, after
an hour, it was said Wallace had a
bare chance for his life.

This was the first time in the his-
tory of medical science, so far as
Boston physicians know, where a po-
ison victim, once pronounced dead,
had been restored to life by means of
manual massage.

Prominent police and city officials
hurried to the hospital to witness the
efforts being made to save the man's
life. Finally the physicians began to
use the pulsator on the man in con-
junction with the massage and this
was kept up until he died three hours
later.

When apprehended Wallace laid
the blame for his downfall upon "pre-
tty girls and the lure of the white
lights." Until last December, he had
been a trusted clerk in the employ of
the Gulf Refining company of Pitts-
burg. It was then, according to his
alleged confession to the police, that
the glamour of the "white lights" and
the fascination of being with pretty
girls prompted him to raise a \$50
check to \$1500.

With the proceeds he went to New
Orleans, thence to Los Angeles and
San Francisco. In the latter city, it
is alleged, he also raised a draft,
which he cashed without difficulty.

Going to Portland, Wallace attract-
ed the attention of Pinkerton agents
who noticed the interest he manifest-
ed in an unusually attractive girl.

When he left the Pacific coast city
for Boston by easy stages a Pinker-
ton operative followed. Wallace was
arrested here in a downtown hotel.
At first he loudly protested his inno-
cence, but later, the police say, made
a complete confession.

DIES FROM EXHAUSTION

Fifteen-Ounce Baby Surprised Doc-
tors by Living Five Days

After being kept alive for five days,
Virginia Mower, the 15-ounce baby
girl born to Mrs. Fred Mower of
Lynn, Mass., died from exhaustion.

Perfectly formed and apparently
healthy, with hands and feet about as
large as a woman's little finger nail,
and only ten inches long, the tiny
baby astounded the medical authori-
ties of the state in living at all.

During her term of life the dimin-
utive girl lived upon a couch of hot
water bottles swathed in layers of
soft cotton and was fed from a medi-
cine dropper.

End of Whitman Mills Strike
After being out on strike from the
Whitman cotton mill, New Bedford,
Mass., for the past two weeks,
ninety loomfixers voted to return to
work. The men alleged intimidation
and discrimination.

ORDERED TO TEXAS BORDER

Funston's Request For Troops Com-
plied With by Garrison

Three batteries of field artillery
were ordered by secretary Garrison to
proceed from Fort Sam Houston, San
Antonio, Tex., to Brownsville, Tex.,
and a regiment of infantry in camp at
Texas City, Tex., was ordered to be
in readiness to proceed at a mo-
ment's notice to the border town.

The troops' movement was ordered
on recommendation of Major General
Funston, in charge of the border
troops.

Five Railroad Stations Robbed
Stations of the Boston and Maine
railroad at Hampton, North Hamp-
ton, Seabrook and Atlantic, N. H.,
and Salisbury, Mass., were broken
into. Money was taken from slot ma-
chines and telephone pay stations.

Wants to Be Maine Governor
Frederick H. Parkhurst of Bangor
announced that he would be a can-
didate for the nomination for govern-
or of Maine in the Republican pri-
maries next June.

WEATHER RECORDS GO BY THE BOARD

Boston Bureau Shows March
to Have Been Rainless Month

The month of March has been re-
markable in that it is the only one of
record at the Boston weather bureau
without a measurable amount of pre-
cipitation.

Traces of rain or snow occurred on
six days, but nothing as much as .01
of an inch. In no other month on the
weather bureau record have there
been twenty clear days at Boston, or
an average humidity as low as 61 per-
cent, and never in March has there
been 79 percent of sunshine, these
being the figures (approximate) for
March. On all but four days there
was more than one-half the possible
sunshine.

F-4 IS WATERLOGGED

Breaking of Hawser Suspends Work
of Raising Submarine

Efforts to raise the sunken sub-
marine F-4, outside Honolulu harbor,
were temporarily suspended after a
hawser with which the boat was be-
ing dragged toward shore snapped.

Rear Admiral Moore reported from
Honolulu that the submarine evidently
was waterlogged and too heavy to
be raised by the equipment employed
by the searching fleet.

The vessel with her crew of twenty-
one men lies in 270 feet of water and
her position is being held while prepa-
rations for raising her by pontoon
are made.

BANDIT GETS AWAY

Fatally Shoots Policeman After Try-
ing to Rob a Store

Patrolman Peter J. Corcoran of
Boston is dying from two bullet
wounds received in an encounter
with the gunman who, for the past
six weeks, has terrorized Boston,
holding up liquor store clerks at the
point of a revolver.

The gunman fired two shots at Cor-
coran at Lawrence and Appleton
streets, in the South End, after the
officer had pursued him for more than
half a mile, a few minutes before 11
o'clock last night. The bandit es-
caped.

Fire Destroys Poor Farmhouse
The Cumberland, R. I., poor farm
building was destroyed by fire. Five
aged inmates were taken out safely.
The loss is \$10,000.

Quiet on Maine Power Bill
The bill to allow the transmission
of electrical power beyond the con-
fines of the state was rejected by the
Maine senate.

GENERAL NEWS - EVENTS

Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of
English at Oxford university, Eng.,
was awarded the honorary degree of
Litt. D., by Brown university of
Providence.

The Tennessee house of representa-
tives rejected a bill to legalize the
manufacture and sale of beer in Ten-
nessee.

Joseph H. Andrews was elected
clerk of the Danville, Mass., Con-
gregational church, to serve his thir-
tieth year in that office.

William Hill, general passenger
agent for the Canadian Pacific rail-
way, dropped dead in his office at
Montreal.

Bishop Rudolph Dubs of the United
Evangelical church died at his home
at Hattinburg, aged 73.

Sir John C. Lamb, 50, English
statesman and scientist, died at his
home, Hempstead, N. W.

Among the honor men at Phillips
Exeter academy are all four Chinese
members of the student body.

The Maine senate refused to make
any change in the legal length of lob-
sters which may be caught in Maine
waters.

Frank Williams of Everett, Mass.,
father of five children, blew his brains
out with a revolver.

Despondency led George Wunnchel,
19, to take his own life in New Had-
ford, Mass.

Yale debaters won from Harvard
and Princeton in the triangular de-
bate at Harvard. Harvard was vic-
torious over Princeton.

Rev. Wesley O. Holway, 75, who
devoted the manual of physical drill
now in use in the United States navy,
died at Newton, Mass.

J. R. Andrews, 53, president of
the Hyde Windlass company of Ithaca,
Mo., died at New York from a cere-
bral hemorrhage.

The H. H. Curtis company, manu-
facturing jewelers, North Attleboro,
Mass., filed a petition in bankruptcy,
admitting liabilities of \$53,172.21.

Mrs. Martha M. Baker of Lowell,
Mass., celebrated her 99th birthday.
She enjoys fine health.

Delay in Cape Canal Traffic
The dredging of the Cape Cod canal
to a uniform depth of twenty-five feet
will not be completed before June 1,
so that the new traffic which it had
been expected would go into effect
April 1 will be deferred two months.

Bank Teller Drops Dead
Charles F. Johnson, aged 63,
dropped dead from heart disease in
the Commonwealth Trust company,
Boston, where he has been employed
as a paying teller for forty-two
years.

Wells Knocked Out by Moran
Frank Moran of Philadelphia knocked
out Bombarrier Wells, the English
heavyweight, in the tenth round of
their twenty-round bout at London.

Veto Awaits Mothers' Pensions
The mothers' pension bill, applica-
ble only to St. Louis, will be vetoed
by Governor Major of Missouri, he
announced.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

As rendered to State Bank Commissioner, March 4, 1915

ASSETS	
Loans and Investments	\$1,838,396 35
Overdrafts	983 91
Banking House and Safe Deposit Vaults	162,000 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	4,000 00
Due from Reserve Banks	205,416 00
Due from other Banks	2,831 01
Cash and Cash Items	106,190 47
	\$2,309,820 80
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$2,309,820 80
Surplus	\$360,000 00
Undivided Profits	120,000 00
Individual Deposits	\$1,611,206 88
Certificates of Deposit	320,212 51
Certified Checks	368 82
Treasurer's Checks	3,810 99
Due Banks	25,672 22
Dividends Unpaid	618 00
	\$2,309,820 80

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, President CLARK BURDICK, Vice President
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer

No. 155.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, March 4, 1915.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$500,000.00
Surplus, secured	312.81
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc., owned and pledged (other than Stocks)	100,000.00
Including premiums on notes	115,817.71
Subsidiary to Stock of Federal Reserve Bank	
Less amount unpaid	\$3,000.00
Banking House	2,300.00
Other Real Estate owned	21,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	2,700.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in Central Reserve Cities	8,017.04
Due from approved Reserve Agents in other Reserve Cities	11,200.00
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)	21,831.21
Outside Checks and other Cash Items	3,207.19
Fractional Currency	1,531.90
Exchanges for Clearing House	231.81
Notes of other National Banks	1,747.44
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	5,923.01
Specie	\$30,727.00
Legal-tender notes	8,338.00
Redeemable notes with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)	51,115.00
	75,000.00
TOTAL	\$752,022.14
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	63,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,500.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	2,500.00
Circulating Notes	21,810.39
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption or in transit	\$100,000.00
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)	6,200.00
Individual deposits subject to check	91,900.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	45,713.14
Certified checks	17,151.04
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	720,701.47
	75,000.00
TOTAL	\$752,022.14

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.
County of Newport, ss.
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above
statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct Attest: GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.

EDWARD A. BROWN, EDW. B. PECKHAM, WILLIAM R. HARVEY, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1915.

PAGET R. BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Go Fishing This Spring

Exciting sport awaits the early anglers.
Gamey trout and land-locked salmon lurk in the wonder-
ful woodland lakes.

Down in Maine

A few days on these wild inland waters will do you a
world of good.

Cabin camps, with the forest at the back door, offer you
the comforts and many of the luxuries of a modern resort
hotel. Competent guides, veterans of the streams and trails,
will take you where the fish bite best in early spring.

Write for illustrated booklets, giving detailed
information: General Passenger Department, New
Haven, Connecticut.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the
wick, strike a match, and be very
careful not to spill alcohol on the
table top.

you insert the plug and turn the
switch.
When this is done you can devote
all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

AN EASTER HAT —and— PEGGY BY AGNES G. BROGAN

Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.

"MY dear," said mother, "you really must have a new hat for Easter; your old one has grown so shabby."

Peggy ruefully surveyed the dilapidated gray felt, which had weathered many gales. "I had thought of that," she replied, "and goodness knows I have been economical enough to earn the reward of my many sacrifices. You cannot appreciate, mother, the delight unspeakable of possessing an entire new hat. Hereafter it has usually been a new shape with an old flower or the reverse. This Easter hat must be a 'scrumptious' one."

Peggy folded dimpled arms beneath the wavy knot of her hair as she drew the alluring picture. "Gray straw, mother, for I must still wear my old gray suit, but faced with pink the hat shall be a delicious, dainty pink—so pale that one must look again to make sure it is pink at all, and there will be drooping over my shoulders a duffy pink plume. Think of it! If there is money left over I shall buy one pink rose to tuck in my faded lapel." The girl laughed.

Mrs. May laughed with her daughter; then a fash stole over her wrinkled



"MAY I WALK WITH YOU DOWN THE HILL?" HE ASKED.

check. "Spencer Clark returns to spend Easter week in the old home he left so long ago," she said. "You remember him, Peggy—the handsome youth whom every one tried to spoil?"

Peggy's lip curled scornfully. "The imperious boy, rather, who mocked at my print plaques. Yes, I remember him vaguely, and this foolish town has gone wild with anticipation because he now deigns to favor us with a visit. He has accumulated more wealth, they say, is an authority upon all 'ologies' and 'isms,' and will, of course, be correspondingly remote—and condescending. But what have we to do with him? The hill people will dine and fete their old neighbor no doubt, but you and I of the 'common' may only look up, as we did long ago, to see the lights in their houses."

"Things change as one grows older," Mrs. May remarked impatiently. "Lillian Claire herself is not half so pretty as you, and when Spencer Clark sees you, Peggy, snubbing beneath the brim of your pink Easter hat—well, I'm sure he will think so too."

Peggy jumped to her feet. "He needn't!" she retorted. Then she turned to smile into the wistful face beneath her own. "Poor matchmaking mother!" she added whimsically. "She would marry her beggar maid unto a lord."

When Peggy sought the millinery parlors the second time, with the purpose of trying on the new hat, her cheeks glowed in subdued excitement. It was an interesting experience waiting in the silk draped rooms.

And as Peggy lingered in the silk draped rooms Miss Claire passed in her velvet and fur, bestowing a cold nod of greeting.

"Madame," she called to the milliner, "will you bring my hat at once? I have no time to wait."

Madame hurried forward. "So sorry, Miss Claire," she began in humble apology. "We have been completely overrun with work, and the hat is not ready."

Miss Claire raised supercilious eyebrows. "If you cannot say positively that the hat will be finished by Sunday I shall countermand my order," she said.

In distracted manner madame motioned to a frail little creature, whose bright red hair framed a wan face. "Miss Tall," she ordered, "see that Smith has Miss Claire's hat finished ready to send out Saturday night."

The girl's face hardened. "Smith can't do it," she answered tonelessly—"not if she keeps on working after 12 o'clock every night till Easter."

Madame stared angrily at her subordi-

Has baby an angelic smile?
The family shout, "Well, rather!"
And then they abate in solemn style
"It looks just like its father."

WON'T YOU BE OUR EASTER BUNNY?



nate. "Then," she said sharply, "you must take the hat home and do it yourself after hours. We close late Saturday night, Miss Claire. Would it be satisfactory to have the hat delivered 'special' Sunday morning?" The valued customer bowed.

"Before 9 o'clock," she insisted. "I shall depend upon you." Briskly madame turned away, while Peggy, with cheeks burning deeper than the pinkest plume, laid a detaching hand on the young clerk's arm. Apprehensively the girl winked about.

"Your hat is not ready, Miss May," she sighed, "but you will have it by Sunday."

"I don't want it for Sunday," Peggy burst out. "That is what I wished to tell you. Miss Claire's hat may be trimmed in my time here before you leave the store. You understand?"

For a moment the girl's eyes met hers, oddly shining. "Yes, I think I understand," she replied. Then with a little shaky laugh Peggy took the old hat up again. "I will have to do something to this," she explained. "It is necessary to remove the soiled plume." With that softened look upon her face, the red haired girl held out a bunch of realistic violets, fastening them with deft fingers against the gray felt brim.

It was with an apologetic feeling akin to madame's that Peggy approached her tiny home. Mother would be desperately disappointed.

"Not ready!" she cried in dismay as Peggy opened the door. The girl slowly removed her newly decorated millinery, gazing at it in open disapproval; then with a sudden transforming smile Peggy cast the hat from her.

"Let us hope it may rain on Sunday," she said.

But there was no rain. Indeed, the spring month seemed to have borrowed a day from the coming summer, and Peggy stood on the porch steps and sighed. "That provoking old sun is bound to reveal all my shabbiness," she told her mother, and her eyes widened at the unaccustomed appearance of a special messenger.

"The box cannot be for me," she reiterated, but the boy repeated the address. "Miss Peggy May, 12 Poplar street," he read convincingly. And in its bed of green tissue nestled a bunch of fragrant violets, matching exactly the false ones of her hat. With trembling, joyous fingers Peggy planned them close against the lapel of her faded coat. "Oh, who could have done such a lovely thing?" she cried.

Her heart was atune with the morning as she walked down the long church aisle, and when she had seated herself Peggy's eager eyes sought out the face of Lillian Claire. Yes, the Easter hat in all its glory rested upon Lillian's blond head, but no weary, white faced girl had passed the night hours in its trimming. Peggy breathed a sigh of content while the softened light of a colored window fell upon the upturned face beneath the knot of violets.

A broad shouldered man in a long neglected family pew thought it the very sweetest face that he had ever seen, but Peggy, meeting the steady gaze of earnest brown eyes, failed to find therein resemblance to a certain pair of merry eyes which had mocked at her print plaques. After service she lingered a moment, looking back like some small pariah at the returned celebrity. But her feeling resentment vanished as she came out again into the sunshine. Up from the common came the sounds and scents of spring, and as Peggy hurried on a quick step sounded behind her.

"Parlen," called a man's pleasant voice, "have you forgotten an old play-fellow, eh, Miss Peggy May?"

Gravely Peggy extended her hand. "I should have forgotten," she answered frostily, "had we not heard so

much of your coming. I wonder, Mr. Clark, that you remember my name."

The man laughed. "I will be as honest as you," he replied. "I might have forgotten the name had I not heard it repeated a few days ago in a millinery store." Impulsively he touched the violets on her breast. "I sent you those," he said abruptly, "hoping you would pardon the liberty of an old friend."

"I am afraid," answered Peggy slowly, "that I do not understand."

"May I walk with you down the hill?" he asked with becoming humility, and side by side they fell into step. "I have been wanting to know you," he went on, "ever since that day in the millinery store. You are a kind and considerate, a most unusual deed. Seated screened behind the palms I could not help hearing all that passed. You may know that my profession of writing certain dull articles carries me into many curious places on errands of investigation, a millinery parlor at noonday perhaps or a sweatshop at night. And still the problems which vex us remain forever unsolved." The young man stood still in the road looking seriously, tenderly, into the girl's wondering face. "And I should not be surprised," he said gently, "if you, little Peggy May, were wiser than us all."

But Peggy laughed and shook her head. "Why, I've no rivers at all," she told him. And when they reached the humble home of the common Peggy bade him goodbye.

"I am glad to have seen you," said Peggy.

The writer of books detained her hand. "I am more anxious to hear," he entreated, "that you would like to see me again."

And this episode happened just one year ago. This year Peggy was not so indulgent concerning her Easter hat.

"You will have it ready?" she admonished the red haired maid, and the man who accompanied her smiled proudly.

"Better explain and make sure," he suggested. So Peggy returned to the counter.

"You understand?" she asked. "It is a trousseau hat."

The Story That the Easter Lily Is Telling



Wife [complainingly]—You never praise me up to any one.
Husband—I don't, eh! You should let me describe you at the employment office when I'm trying to hire a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Geofford (in cafe dancing)—There's my girl! And I'll bet she's looking for me!
Fair Companion—Oh, dear! Why can't we people understand that woman's love is in the home!—Puck.

On Easter Day

By EARL PIERRE.

"Peace on earth,
Good will toward men."
In sweet love's death
Nor voice nor pen
E'er grand words spoke
Of greater scope
To stumbling folk
Who darkly grope.

Dawn, brightest morn of all the year,
And bring Christ's spirit with thee here,
That all may sing in loud acclaim,
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"
Come hither thou whose day is this
The while men read of heavenly bliss,
Given them by thee with promise fair
When they shall climb death's golden stair.

Throughout the week
Of holy thought,
When minds all seek
With good words fraught,
The steps have trod
In upward ways
The while toward God
Each best his gaze,
Thy spirit, Christ,
Pour forth o'er all
That each soul prized
Since mankind's fall
May drink his wine
And 'scape earth's prison
In the Easter sign
That "He Is Risen."

Easter's Date Depends on the Moon.

It is well known that Easter Sunday seldom, if ever, falls upon the same day of the month two years in succession. Indeed, it does not always appear in the same month, for, while it usually comes in March, this year it comes in April. This variation is traceable to the phases of the moon. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the first full moon of spring. As spring begins on March 21, this means that Easter Sunday never comes earlier than March 21 or later than April 25.

Easter Bird Stories

A great deal of bird lore is linked with the stories of the Passion. There is a Danish legend that as Christ was suffering on the cross three birds came and alighted upon it. One cried, "Styrk ham! Styrk ham!" (Strengthen him! Strengthen him), and since that time the stork has been known as a bird of strength and blessing. The second, it was interpreted, cried, "Sval ham! Sval ham!" (Refresh him! Refresh him), and the swallow was likewise thought to be a bird of blessing. But the third cried, "Pnea ham!" (Puncture him), and so from that hour the lapping has been accursed among birds. The Swedish legend is the same, with the addition of a fourth bird, the turtle dove, which, dying thither, cried, "Kyrie! Kyrie!" (Lord! Lord!), and its voice has ever since been limited to that single word of lament.

An owl, according to the Spanish, was so dazzled by the sunlight it did not perceive that it had alighted upon the cross. But as night came on it saw and, frightened, called "Cruc! Cruc!" (Cross! Cross!) as it flew away. And from that moment the owl has been kept repeating this cry and has been able to see only after darkness falls.

The crossbill in an unsuccessful effort to draw out one of the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross twisted its beak and dyed its plumage with the martyr's blood. Concerning the robin there is a similar tradition, expressed in verse, as follows:

To the Saviour's throbbing head
She fondly strove, His blood, 'tis said,
Dyed all her tender bosom red.
Since then no hand disturbs her nest,
No prying beast her young molest—
That sacred bird of ruddy breast.

Potted flowers for Easter Gifts

Rhododendrons are being used extensively as Easter gifts. The beauty of the flowers alone would recommend them, but in addition they can be planted out of doors in many places soon after Easter Sunday and become part of the shrubbery. No plants are more gorgeous or effective. Even when not in flower the evergreen plant is attractive. The flowers increase in size and beauty each year. Madame Felix and Pink Pearls are two exquisite varieties. Others are Abraham Lincoln, Delicatisma Roseum Elegans and Caractus.

The fuchsias grown in standard shapes are attractive and make stylish Easter gifts. Fuchsias, or lady's ear-drops, are well known plants of easy culture for the home or shady situation in the garden.

Azaleas have become nearly as synonymous with Easter as the lilies for gifts. The hardy varieties are being used more and more at Easter time, as they can be planted out and form a high note of color in the garden after serving their Easter mission. The biodecor types are extremely hardy and produce great masses of very bright, fiery red single flowers, making attractive, showy gifts. Van der Zanden and Professor Walters are popular Easter azaleas and are really among the best and most popular plants sold at this season.

Draft of a Vessel

Draft is the distance in feet from the lowest part of the bottom of a vessel to the level water line at which the vessel is floating.

Who troubles others has no rest himself.—Italian Proverb.

The Comfort of the Lilies

An Easter Poem

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

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THE golden hearted lilies bloom
Once more
In spicy fragrance by my
Open door
As my heart opens to each
New opening leaf,
Down from it slips the burden of my
Grief.

It is the comfort of the lilies'
Breath
Pleasant from out the depths
Of seeming death,
For never clay so hard but
Faith had power
To lift through it the radiance of a
flower.

"Burning of Judas"

An Easter Rite Among Orientals

In some oriental countries among the members of the Greek Orthodox church a festival of the Easter festival which is never omitted is the burning of an effigy of Judas, the faithless disciple. To show how firm is hold the idea of Judas burning has taken of oriental Greeks the following story is told:

In Therapia, a suburb of Constantinople, there lived a poor Greek who earned a scanty livelihood as a porter or messenger or boatman. Every Easter this man made a Judas effigy and burnt it on his own behalf and that of his correligionists. The necessary money was got by begging.

The Turkish authorities objected to these proceedings on the ground of public safety, as the burning always took place in a small square in the workman's quarter, quite close to some wooden barracks. Therefore every year just before Easter the good natured bimbashi, the lieutenant of police, would send for the Greek, who was well known to be righteously in the affair, and threaten him with severe punishment if he should burn a Judas puppet. The Greek always gave the same reply, "Even if you kill me I will burn Judas." The following year, before Easter, the Turkish bimbashi would send to the Greek again and strictly enjoin upon him that this time no Judas was to be burnt. But, all the same, the Greek would get a "Judas" ready and burn him.

It happened that the Greek had to row over the Bosphorus to the Asiatic coast. He hesitated for some time in view of the approaching festival, but finally consented on the promise of a good fee, his money being at a low ebb. When he had done his business on the Asiatic side and was getting ready to return a storm arose, so that it was impossible for him to risk crossing in his little boat. He gazed eagerly at the sky, but there was no cessation of wind and tempest. The day of the festival arrived, and the Greek, taking off his clothes, made them into an effigy, stuffed them with leaves and twigs and there on the lonely shore burnt his Judas, according to his usual custom. As soon as the storm was over Georgi, for that was his name, returned without clothing in his boat to Therapia and told what he had done. The Turkish bimbashi, delighted that for once there was no Judas burning among the wooden sheds of Therapia, gave Georgi new clothes and a present of money as well.

A Day of Spiritual Joy

Easter should be a day of spiritual joy, a day for the celebration of the resurrection of the spirit, a day in which spiritual considerations should be more prominent. Any secular or civil activities that interfere with the pure spiritual observance of the day should be discouraged. There is a tendency to over-emphasize fashions. It should be seriously discouraged.

Jesus Christ announced the important truth that the glory of his resurrection was the fruit of his Passion—I mean the accidental glory incident to his humanity, not the essential glory inherent in his divinity.

While two of his disciples were going from Jerusalem to Emmaus, discussing on the crucifixion, Jesus, in the guise of a stranger, joined them, and they said to him: "We had hoped that Christ would redeem Israel from gentile bondage and would re-establish the kingdom on a grander scale and rule as a conqueror. But our hopes are shaken, for he died a shameful death on the cross." And Jesus said to them: "Foolish and slow of heart, to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into his glory?"

If he had not trod the path of suffering and humiliation he would not be the Messiah foretold by the prophets.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Dodging the Question

Mrs. Slater: John, don't you think I need a new gown? This one is beginning to look shabby.
Mr. Slater: I don't see anything the matter with it. You look well enough in it to suit me, and why should I pay money to make you more attractive to other men? Be chaste.

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His Sacrifice.

The man who alighted from the 3:30 was a big fellow, a strong, well built man of 20 or a little beyond, with a firm chin, a pair of steel blue eyes, and slightly aquiline nose. The boys in his earlier years had called him Caesar, though some fancied resemblance to the great conqueror, and his name had clung to him long after he graduated from the old school and the young gang. He was a wonderful man, there was no doubt of that. The twist of his lips showed it, his cold blue eyes showed it, his stride, his hot, his heavy frown, his carried a suggestion of egotism.

The stationmaster looked at him quizzically. "It isn't Horace Burnham is it?" he asked as he halted the stranger.

"It is," replied the newcomer. "How's the old mill?"

The stationmaster was nodding, but he seemed to be looking at the stranger, as he looked at him. "You certainly aren't old when this big person left town, nearly six years before."

"Nothing yet, I fear," he remarked in his most satirical fashion. "The masterful man laughed, a big, booming laugh.

"They stopped hanging people before they got to me," he said. "They know I wouldn't stand for it. Well, what's new in Steelville?"

The stationmaster did not appear. "Nothing that could interest a fellow who's seen everything," he grudgingly replied.

The masterful man laughed again and playfully shook the stationmaster on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, old gargoyles," he said. "Nobody's going to run away with your job yet. I'm here on an errand that should interest you and all the other good Steelvillers. I'm looking up a site for a big cotton mill. No man knows the old town better than I do. No outsider knows its advantages and its disadvantages as I do. The water power is all right; a railway spur across to the Six-mile will be easy. Now I want to find out what the town will do for the project. It means bringing 2000 men and their families here. It means new cottages, new stores, more passengers, more freight, more money."

The stationmaster had listened with his mouth half open. Then he shook his head.

"If I don't as I'd favor it," he said. "These folks ain't fast. Besides, we don't want no foreign swarms running over us. This is a pretty decent sort of a town. We want to keep it so. Besides, I don't see where it would help me any. All I'd get out of it would be more work."

The man called Horace laughed long and loud.

"That's the Steelville spirit, all right," he chuckled. "It isn't 'How's it going to help Steelville?' It's 'How's it going to help me?' You're a true son of the old soil, old chap. But, look out. Progress is likely at most any moment sweep it back. Goodbye, you old stand-patter."

Still laughing, he picked up his trunk, traveling bag and going down the platform steps started up the main street. The station master shook his clenched hand after him.

"You're a darned smarty, that's what you are," he growled. "I don't believe half you say. You made the town trouble enough when you was a boy. You ain't got no call to come back an' peater us again. I'll bet there's something crooked in your derned scheme." And he turned to his checking book and his lampbrush, still growling.

The stranger swung along, his keen gaze, noting the familiar scenes, and a nod of head now and then indicating some special landmark of his younger days.

Presently he came to the brick hotel with its plain exterior and its wide porch. He entered the office and strode up to the desk and put his name on the register in a heavy scrawl. The clerk turned the book and drew it toward him and was all obsequiousness.

"Who's running the old house now?" "It changed hands last spring. Mr. Timothy Mitchell died and left the hotel to his nephew, Mr. Edward Mitchell. I'm the nephew."

The masterful man looked him over. "I don't remember you."

"No, I'm from Palmyra. I was in the cigar business there. You've been in Steelville before?"

"Yes, I was raised here. Got away as soon as I could. How's the old town?"

"I don't think you'll notice any great change. Some of the folks have died—they don't die early in Steelville—everybody getting older, and once in a while there's a baby. Maybe Main street is a trifle busier—it couldn't be less so—and there's a new steeple on the Presbyterian church and St. John's has just shingled his red barn. He chuckled. "You know the type."

The masterful man, leaning heavily on the counter, nodded.

"I know Steelville. It needs a dynamite cartridge to wake it up." The proprietor-clerk leaned forward. His pale eyes were half-closed.

"Maybe your line is closed." "Maybe it is," said the masterful man. "Maybe I have a New Year's gift for the little, old town. Maybe it means a new Steelville. And, maybe, too, I'm the sort of man who never springs traps until they are properly baited." He set his jaw as if it, too, were a trap, and picked up his bag. "Where's my room?"

He came down presently and after comparing his heavy-cased watch with the hotel clock, swaggered to the windows that overlooked the street and dropped into a big splint-bottomed chair.

The proprietor-clerk came forward, rubbing his hands.

"Everything satisfactory?" "I guess so," he passed. "Who's the nearest president of your select board?"

"Dr. Jethro Green."

"What's he? Progressive, stand-

The selection? And can I phone him here?

"He's out of town. Comes back in the morning. He was in here just before he started. Said he had an important case over at Gainsburg."

"Then this important case of mine will have to wait."

The masterful man arose and drew himself up and, looked at his heavy watch.

"Guess I'll stroll around," he said. "I want to renew my acquaintance with the lay of the land, and perhaps I may meet an old friend of two." He passed and chuckled. "If I like its looks I may conclude to buy the town."

He pulled his overcoat over his arm and went down the porch steps, a fine heavy figure, full of masculine strength. The pale-eyed proprietor-clerk started after him.

"You're a great big bluff," he said to himself, "but I don't think there's any man in Steelville who would care to sell you."

As the masterful man passed up the street, the passerby stared at him. The clerks behind the doors of the dull stores craned their necks to look after him. There was an air of proprietorship about the man, an air of careless acceptance of the good things of life that drew their attention. They realized at once that he was a stranger and strangers, prosperous-looking strangers, were a novelty in Steelville.

The day was mild and the sun had a warmth that was more like early October than late December. The little town lay in a euphonic depression among the hills that sheltered it from the wintry winds, and the stranger strode along, his overcoat still hanging over his arm, his hat pushed back, his full face glowing.

As he passed the town library a young woman came through the doorway; a straight, slim young woman with dark hair and eyes, a tastefully dressed young woman who threw a quick glance about her as she stepped to the walk.

"Why, hello, Mary!" said the stranger, as he came forward. His eyes brightened, his hand was stretched out. The young woman paused and was looking at him inquiringly.

"Why, it's Horace Burnham," she said, and put out her hand.

There was a curious look in her dark eyes.

"You're fine, Mary," he said. "Can you guess where I was going?" No, she could not guess.

"I was on my way to the white cottage with the green blinds. That's right. Still living there?"

"Yes."

"With your mother?"

"Yes."

There was an air of reluctance about the girl. She was not entirely pleased with the chance encounter.

"Well, how are you, Mary?" "Very well, thank you, Horace." She had fallen into step beside her. He had hesitated a moment. Then she moved along.

"You look very well, thank you," he said. "And now why not show some interest in your old beau? Why can't you say 'How are you?' and 'How's the world using you?'"

"Your appearance tells me that, Horace."

"Well said. You always had a clever tongue. By George, Mary, it's good to see you. Just as soon as I thought of coming here I said, I'll see Mary Martin again." He looked around sharply. "Not married, are you, Mary?"

The blood surged to her pale cheeks. "No."

"That's as it should be." He drew a little closer. "And now you'll want to know something about me. I'm doing well. It took a little time to get started, but there's nothing yet invented that can hold me back. I climbed almost from the beginning, and when I'd once started there was no stopping me. I'm a coming man, Mary. I've got it in me. I cleaned up \$2000 last year. Why, if this little mill job I have on hand goes through, I'll make in at least \$20,000. Pretty good for a prodigal, eh?"

The tremendous egotism of the man, so frank, so open, was almost admirable.

The girl realized this. It is possible she might have made a satirical retort. If so, she thought better of it.

"What brings you here?" she asked.

"Something big, Mary. I'm what's called a promoter. I think up big schemes and put 'em through with other people's money. I remembered Steelville a fine water power. I've got some big men interested in the scheme of building a cotton mill on the Six-mile. It's a great big scheme, an 'I'm 't' boy who can put it through.' He drew a deep breath. "On your way home, Mary?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's no need of hurrying. My time's my own. Tomorrow I get busy." He looked around and a smile curled the corners of his wide mouth. He suddenly laughed and hunched his shoulder against the girl. She drew away from him quickly. He did not notice this. He was too much absorbed in himself. "What gay times we had a half dozen years ago, Mary. That was a lively crowd."

"Yes," murmured the girl.

"Yes, indeed. We just escaped being engaged you and me, didn't we? Why, your own mother asked me why I came to the cottage so often. But, lordy, I couldn't think of marriage then. I had too good a head on me. Marriage would have tied me down hand and foot. But it's all different now, Mary."

She had shrunk a little further from him, and her pale face was paler. Again he failed to notice this.

"I'm a man of impulse," he went on. "That's the way I succeed. When I want a thing I go after it tooth and nail—and I want you for my wife, Mary." She made a sudden dash, but he checked her. "It isn't as if we'd never known each other. I've always had you in mind." Again she tried to speak. He stopped her. "Maybe you're going to say it's so sudden, but listen. I know you and your mother have lived. Always making the nickel travel the limit. It will be different now. There's nothing you'll want that you can't have. You'll drive your own car, and we'll take a suite in the Argosy—that's a new apartment house I promoted—and you'll have your maid and your dressmaker and your pearls and diamonds. Lordy, but I'll be proud of you, Mary, want you to say 'yes' right now. I've met a lot of girls—some of them fine as silk, but not one was your equal, Mary. Say 'yes' and we'll have it over with right away."

Now she caught her breath.

"But it isn't 'yes,'" she told him.

"It's no."

He turned sharply.

"Not 'Why not?'"

"Because I'm engaged."

"Engaged!" he growled at her.

"Who's the man?"

There was something so forceful about his manner that she couldn't help replying.

"His name is Thorpe. Tom Thorpe."

He laughed unpleasantly.

"Tommy Thorpe. I remember him, eh, what is he?"

"He's a lawyer. He's the county prosecutor. Next year he will be his party's candidate for congress."

Again he laughed unpleasantly.

"You can marry that shrimp," he said in a terrible voice. When I met him. He's a coward. When I met him. I'll make him crawl. I'll make him beg you not to marry him."

He was quite besides himself in his disappointed rage.

The girl's face had paled and reddened and paled again.

"No, no," she stammered. Her anger had risen, too. Her face flamed.

"He's coming now," she said. A man on a bicycle had just turned the head of the road.

"Fine," said the big man, and his teeth clicked.

The rider stopped and stared from the girl to the man.

"Tom," said the girl, and her voice was clear and cool, "this man insulted me."

"She means," said the big man quickly, "that I insulted you. What I said I stand by and prove it, too, with my fists. Come."

There was a break in the tall hedge by the roadside. The other man gave a glance at the girl and followed.

It was not a long flight. The other man was hopelessly outclassed from the start. He had neither the weight nor skill of the big man. Yet he showed no fear. He fought on, doggedly, savagely. The big man could not help admiring the hopeless courage. He must have known what his outcome would be but the knowledge did not lessen his efforts. And then they both drew back for a moment, panting and shaking, the masterful man shot a quick glance at the girl's face. His eyes met hers and he read in her face dislike and repugnance, and loathing. And he seemed in reluctant fashion to realize that no matter how the battle terminated the girl would have no feeling for him save hatred.

Then they were at it again hammer and tongs, and the other man's bleeding face was set and determined, and the girl's face was white and agonized.

It was plain to be seen that the inevitable defeat was a matter of but a moment or two.

Suddenly the big man's hands dropped to his side and he staggered back.

"I've had enough," he chokedly muttered and caught up his coat. He looked across at the girl. "He's the better man," he growled, and started across the field. He looked back once. The girl wiping the oil from her face. Suddenly she reached up and kissed him.

The big man plodded along. All at once he snatched his intense egotism gripped him.

"You had him beaten to a frazzle," he said to himself, "and you did a very decent thing."—By W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The April St. Nicholas.

The April issue of St. Nicholas has two articles of especially timely interest. One is a detailed description of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, the other a comprehensive article on the history and construction of locomotives. For animal lovers, Stephen Chalmers has written about a bear. The story is keenly interesting, and to adults as well as to children, as it shows clearly the folly and even wickedness of keeping wild animals caged, except in a zoo, for educational purposes. Nature and Science for Young Folks is also particularly interesting to animal lovers this month, the main article being a description of the secretary-bird and his habits. They—the animal lovers—will also like to read about the lovels, in "Tommy and the Whiting Stone." The three continued stories get more and more exciting; the climaxes are not very far off now. The League and the other departments are carried on as usual, and there are plenty of pictures and verse.

A Flourishing Business.

At a certain kindergarten in Milwaukee, recently one of the small pupils seemed especially anxious to tell the teacher something.

"Well, Nan, what is it?" the teacher finally asked, in response to the frantic waving of the lot's hand.

"I got a new little sister to-day!" panted the wee one.

"Oh, Nan, that was lovely," said the teacher. "Where did you get her?"

"Dr. Brown brought her," replied the child.

Another little hand shot up into the air in an excited way, and the teacher asked this little girl what was the matter.

"We take off him, too," she said.—Lippincott's.

Town Didn't Boast.

De Wolf Hopper chuckled when the conversation of a dinner turned to amateur music, and he told this story. One evening a commercial traveller while sitting in the village hotel, struck up an acquaintance with one of the fellow citizens.

"You have a very pretty town here," he remarked.

"Why yes," admitted the native; "the scenery ain't bad, that is if you don't look at it too long."

"I suppose, of course, that the town boasts of a fine club?"

"No, we don't boast about it much," replied the fellow citizen. "We endure it with a sort of calm resignation."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Little Bessie's Question.

Miss Mabel Garrison, the opera singer, recalled an incident relating to juvenile orthography.

One afternoon little Bessie was seated on the sofa in mamma's parlor employed with a pencil and paper when she suddenly glanced up with an expression of perplexity.

"Mamma," she finally remarked interrupting her mother's chat with a woman friend, "will you please tell me something?"

"Yes, dear," gently answered the fond mother. "What is it?"

"How do you spell ant," returned the puzzled youngster, "the kind that ain't a bug?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Touch—Can you do anything to help me out.

Mr. Clonch—I'd like to, but I sprained my foot on a collector yesterday.—Chicago News.

Hogan—O'late February.

Gorgan—Phy is that?

Hogan—Because O'm workin' to be day an' payin' rint be the month.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Requisite.

There are a number of "professional farmers" in the house and senate. They are the individuals of the long-tailed coat and the hough-bow vest, who rise in their might periodically to inform their brethren that the man who labors in the wheat fields and who garners the crops in the backbones and sinews and muscle of the nation.

Senator Root of New York is an authority for this story.

The congressman had just finished an impassioned tribute to the farmers of the nation. In the lobby, after he had finished his effort, he was graciously receiving the plaudits of his colleagues when a venerable member approached him.

"I take it," said the venerable member, "that you are a farmer?"

"I am," said the speaker. "I'm added proudly. And I have enough law business on the side to make it pay."—Washington Star.

Flebbe He Did.

There was a certain bishop who had a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he might meet during his country rambles. One day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual way of opening a conversation.

"Molndin' swine," the lad replied stolidly.

"Ah is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?"

"Only two shillings," remarked the bishop. Then he continued pleasantly, "I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

"The lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute. Then he said slowly: "Mebbe you gets more swine nor me to molnd."

Not Any More.

They were gazing out of the window of the Pullman car. The thin man was rapturously admiring the sunset.

"Ah Nature is a real artist," exclaimed the thin man, addressing the fat man in the opposite seat. "Have you never gazed at her wonders? Have you never watched the lambent flames of dawn like leaping across the dome of the world? Have you never watched the red-stained islets floating in lakes of fire? Have you never been drawn by the ragged, raven's wing, sky-phosphors as they blotted out the pale moon? Have you never felt the amazement of these things?"

"Not since I swore off," replied the fat man, as he prepared to hunt another seat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the Trenches.

A. J. Drexel, who is a volunteer in the automobile service of the British army wrote in a recent letter to Philadelphia.

"As Kitchener said, or didn't say, our trenches stretch like a gray snake from Switzerland to the sea. And what hard work our young soldiers have, let me tell you, digging those trenches!"

"I saw a young soldier in a half-finished trench lay down his shovel the other day and light his pipe."

"Here, what did you lay down that shovel for?" the sergeant asked.

"To cool it, sir, and the young soldier,"—Washington Star.

Logic of the Landed.

"Who goes there?" the sentry challenged.

"Lord Roberts," answered the Hopy recruit.

Again the sentry put the question and received a like answer, whereupon he knocked the offender down, upon the latter came to, the sergeant was bending over him, "Hoo horol!" said the sergeant, why didn't you answer right when the sentry challenged you?"

"Holy St. Patrick!" replied the recruit. "If he'd do that to Lord Roberts, what would he do to plain Mike Flanagan?"—Boston Transcript.

Just in Time.

It was a peculiar and most embarrassing situation in which a certain young man of Philadelphia found

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mark all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1915.

NOTES.

On account of the great interest displayed in the second address of John Clarke to King Charles II printed in last week's column, we are now publishing the first address, as follows:—E. M. T.

Petition of John Clarke, Agent of the Colony of Rhode Island, to the King. To Charles the Second:

By the wonderful, provident and gracious disposing hand of the most High, of England, Ireland and Scotland, with the large dominions and territories thereto belonging.

High and Mighty King:

The humble petition and representation of John Clarke, on the behalf of the purchasers and free inhabitants of Rhode Island, and of the Colony of Providence Plantations in the Narragansett Bay, in New England.

Most humbly sheweth:

That your petitioners were necessitated long since for cause of conscience, with respect to the worship and service of God, to take up a resolution to quit their dear and native country, and all their near and precious relations and enjoyments therein, and to expose themselves and their families to all the hazards and inconveniences, which they might meet with upon the vast and swelling ocean over which they should pass, or in the barbarous and howling wilderness to which they might come. That being thus resolved, they were, by the greatly obliging clemency of your Royal father not only permitted to prosecute the resolution of theirs, but by singular favours and privileges bestowed upon them encouraged yours in. That your petitioners being thus resolved and encouraged after a long encounter, with many perils of sea and robbers, were by the good hand of the Lord safely conducted unto, and caused to arrive in those parts of America, where for the aforesaid causes of conscience, and for peace sake, they were also necessitated to travail further among the barbarians in places untrod and with no small hazard, to seek out a place of habitation, where, according to what was propounded in your petitioners first adventure, they might with freedom of conscience worship the Lord their God, as they were persuaded.

That being in this wandering posture, in this vast and desolate wilderness, they were by the provident hand of the most High, guided to secure their course into the thickest of the most potent princes and people of all that country, whereby his wonderful working power upon their hearts, as a signal token that the hearts of Princes and people are in his hands, to dispose of as he pleases. Your petitioners found them free to admiration, not only to part with the choicest parts of their territories, being no wages inferior, for commodious harbours in all respects unto any parts of that country, but also to quit their native, ancient and very advantageous stations and dwellings thereon, to make room for them.

That your petitioners having thus, by the good hand of the Lord, and countenance of their Prince, gone forth, found out, purchased, possessed and planted those parts of the world, in all desirable freedom and liberty in all respects, both among themselves (in giving to all in point of freedom of conscience, what they desired for themselves) from all others, whether English or Indians, found themselves necessitated, at least for some time, for the preservation and accommodation for themselves and their families, to forbear to make application unto that sovereign power, to which they adhered, and in lieu thereof (and grace to enter into an actual agreement among themselves); and as the true natives of England (though so remote), and the loyal subjects thereof, for the present to regulate themselves by the laws of that nation, so far forth as the nature and constitution of the place and the professed cause of their conscience would permit.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

5146. BUMP—I would like information about Lucy (Bump) Greene, born 1788. She was daughter of Barnabas and Elizabeth (Barrows) Bump. He served in the Revolution under Colonel Israel Fearing of Wareham, Mass. (his home). There was a Willis Barrows in the same company, possibly a brother-in-law. After the war he removed to Tolland Co., Conn., where he raised a large family. A part at least of his family—children were born at Wareham.—P. C. G.

5147. GRINNELL—I would like information regarding the ancestry of Capt. William Grinnell. He married in 1762, Lydia, daughter of Joseph Tillinghast of Newport, and she died July 22, 1778. He had died before 1788, leaving children, Mary, Amy, Samuel T., and doubtless others. I have been trying to prove his ancestry for several years.—Little Compton records do not help. If there is a will or administration of estate that might name some relative that would indirectly prove William's father. We think he might be son of William (4), (Richard (3), Daniel (2), Matthew (1), or perhaps related to Thomas Grinnell, in Newport, 1747, whose ancestry is not known to me.—E. D. P.

5148. KINNECUTT—Wanted ancestry of Mary Kinnecutt who married Saunders Pitman in Providence, R. I. I think it is Mary (4), (Roger (3), John (2), Roger (1), for in Thurston—Pitman genealogy it is stated that Saunders Pitman m. (1st) Mary Kinnecutt, m. (2d) Amy Kinnecutt. I find in Providence probate that Roger Kinnecutt (3), (John (2), Roger (1), had wife Amy, and it looks as though Saunders Pitman had married two sisters, Mary and Amy, daughters of Roger and Amy.—J. O. P.

5149. CARDOSO—Wanted some information concerning one Jacob Cardoso of Newport, who lived sometime during the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. I am writing the history of an old Bible containing a number of signatures of famous men, and have not been able to locate anything in particular about this Jacob Cardoso, except that he purchased the Bible on July 29, 1743. The owner of the Bible immediately preceding Jacob Cardoso is Joseph Buckingham of Saybrook, Conn. The owner of the book following Jacob Cardoso was Dr. James Robinson, a physician of Little Compton and Newport.

It is said that Jacob Cardoso came from New York and was one of the donors of the Synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation, but the entry in the Bible indicates that he came from Newport.—E. V.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

About 300 people attended the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman in Eureka Hall, Saturday, in honor of the 50th anniversary of their marriage. Unfortunately Mr. Sherman was taken ill and was unable to attend. Mrs. Sherman received informally because of the illness of her husband. There were no ushers. The presents were displayed, and consisted of \$125 in gold, besides books, pictures, mirrors, vases, cut glass, china, silver ware, a fern-dish, a gold basket and a large number of bouquets of flowers, mostly daffodils, jonquils and yellow roses. After the reception Mrs. Sherman was taken ill, and a physician was called.

MASONIC.

The regular meeting of Eureka Lodge A. F. and A. M. was held at Eureka Hall Tuesday evening, about 200 being present. The third degree was conferred upon six candidates. Arab Grotto Band of Fall River furnished music during the evening. A chowder supper was served. Guests were present from Tiverton, Newport, Middletown, Providence and Fall River. Eureka Lodge will attend the vesper services at Channing Church, Newport, on Easter day.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There was a large attendance at Fair Hall Tuesday evening to see a drama "The Upper Room," given by the dramatic club of the Church of the Paraclete of North Tiverton. About 100 were present from Newport among them being Rev. Father's Higney, Ryan and Hines. The proceeds are to go to St. Anthony's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Grinnell entertained a party of relatives recently at their home on Freeborn street. Games were played and refreshments served.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Carter entertained on Sunday in honor of the 55th anniversary of their marriage. It was a very informal reception because of the illness of Mr. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall of Providence have been guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall of Turnpike avenue.

Mrs. Letitia Lawton entertained a family party of sixteen on Sunday.

RESIGNATION.

Rev. James M. Estes has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Friends' Church here, the resignation to take effect June 1st. He is planning to spend the summer with relatives in North Reading, Mass., before taking up his pastoral duties in the autumn.

MEETING.

The Home Economics Club met in the Christian Church with Miss Koehler on Wednesday. The subject was canning and preserving.

Mrs. Kate Bailey entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church at an all day meeting on Thursday.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Frederick A. Lawton has gone to Gloversville, N. Y., where he will begin the season's work for the Lane Construction Co.

Mrs. F. P. Conway entertained the Willing Workers at her home on Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Silvea who recently purchased the Braman Place, has had the house improved, and has moved into it.

The electric express became derailed near the Car Barn one morning recently. This delayed traffic for awhile, as the passengers were obliged to walk around it and change cars.

Mr. Harry Sherman of Glen street is ill with pneumonia. A trained nurse, Miss Ruth Anthony of Tiverton is caring for him.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society held a meeting in the Society's rooms Wednesday afternoon. A beef-pie supper was served.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church met Wednesday with Mrs. John L. Borden.

The Lorenzo D. Tallman house, near the head of Park avenue, has been broken into and ransacked although nothing valuable was taken.

Singing Birds' Deadly Rivalry.

It is well known that caged chat-fishes are celebrated for their eagerness to compete with one another in slugging. They deliver their songs alternately until one is exhausted and unable to take up his turn. So excited do the birds become that it occasionally happens that one of the combatants drops down dead. The originating and directive causes of the particular song of different kinds of birds is not understood. But it is established that they have a great gift of imitation. Parrots, plying crows, ravens and other such birds are familiar instances, while little birds such as bullfinches can be trained to whistle the melodies which human beings have invented. Even the house sparrow, which, though allied to singing finches, never sings when in natural conditions, has been converted into a sonneteer by bringing it up in company with plying bullfinches.—London Express.

"He's an advertising writer of the old school." "You mean a liar!"—Judge.

No matter what your antecedents may be the mother tongue is generally baby talk.—Philadelphia Record.

Telephone Rates Reduced Effective April 1, 1915

Annual rates for telephone service for stations connected with the Newport exchange are reduced as follows:

Measured Service	Unlimited Service
600 Five Minute Messages per year	
Business	Residence
1 Party \$40 to \$36	1 Party \$48 to \$36
2 Party \$33 to \$30	2 Party \$36 to \$30
Business extension stations are reduced from \$9 to \$6	

Providence Telephone Company,

142 Spring Street, Newport, R. I.

Bedroom Furniture

The folly of attempted adaptation has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated and this season's products of the really meritorious makers show no half hearted handling of the matter—it is either "reproduction" correct in every detail or a bold departure from old time schools into 1915 classics which are truly delightful.

Our stock is full at the moment and we are telling you now that you may have the pleasure of a look through before things begin the thinning out process. This week—before Easter.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Come Down and Answer Me

Who's boss—you or your telephone?

Make it always convenient, both upstairs and down! With an extension telephone, placed on the second floor, you can make or receive your telephone calls without that tiresome stairtramping.

Fifty cents a month pays the bill.

A word to the Bell Business Office is sufficient.



Providence Telephone Co.

Contract Dept. 142 Spring Street

Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D., 1819.

Interest will begin on money deposited on or before.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915

Interest 4 per cent. per annum.

G. P. Taylor, Treasurer

"That old fellow over there got his wife through advertising." "What for a wife?" "No, advertising money to loan."—New York Post.

You never can tell. Many a man has a face as red as a beat who isn't one.—Philadelphia Record.

"Ocean steamers are like promissory notes," observed Hawkins; "you don't begin to worry about them until they are three days overdue."

Pete: The poker habit sure got Jones, didn't it? Skeet: Yep he even walks with a shuffle.—Michigan Gargoyle.

FOR SALE.

I have five pairs of over, and three pairs of young, second hand, stock, also one pair of young, and one pair of old, all at once.

ARTHEUR N. PERHAM, Kingston, R. I.

2-27-2w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM W. WALKER, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of said Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

LEWIS L. SIMMONS.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

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ANNAL P. WATERMAN.

PATRICK H. BORGAN.

4-3-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, March 31, 1915

PUBLIC HEARING.

"State Tuberculosis Hospital."

The Committee on Finance of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill No. 1, entitled:

"An Act in amendment of and in addition to Chapter 112 of the General Laws, entitled 'Of the Board of Trustees for the State Sanatorium.'"

In the Committee Room No. 213, State House, Providence, on

Wednesday, April 7, 1915,

upon the filing of the Bill.

J. H. JOHNSON, Chairman.

4-1w

"Meet me at Barney's"

Whatever You Do

HAVE A

VICTROLA

FOR EASTER

\$15 to \$200

BARNEY'S

Music Store.

140 Thames Street

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

Boots.

Shoes,

Rubbers,

Arctics.

Everything in the shoe line.

Best values at all prices.

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.,

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka

Harness

Oil

Mica

Grease

Sold by Dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

SITUATION WANTED BY GARDENER. (For sale place, first class recommendations) Five years in Rhode Island. Age 34, married one child. Attending Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, birds and underplugs. Vegetables etc. Address R. F. Box 32, Peace Dale R. I.

Boots on the Road.

The vicar of a mining village sent a pair of boots to the cobbler's for repairs, but Bill, who had been imbibing rather freely, felt no inclination for work, so the boots were not touched that day. Next morning his nerves were rather shaky and he longed for "a hair of the dog that bit him." His own boots were rather dirty, so he thought there was no harm in putting on the parson's which he accordingly did, and turned off into the village pub for a big "reviver." He had not gone far when whom did he meet but the vicar, who said:

"I sent my boots down for repairs, William. Are you finished with them yet?"

"Well, mister," answered Bill, calmly, "they're not mended yet, but they're on the road."

"So you have resolved to follow the example of George Washington, eh my lad? I suppose you mean in always telling the truth."

"No, sir, in marrying a rich widow."

—Boston Transcript.

"What does war indemnity mean?" asked Mrs. Naggs, as she looked up from the paper.

"Alimony," growled Mr. Naggs.—Meriden Journal.

Notice of the pendency of a bill entitled

"An Act in amendment of an Act entitled 'An Act to incorporate the Tiverton Electric Light Company,' passed by the General Assembly at the January Session, A. D. 1899."

Pursuant to the provisions of Section 2 of Chapter 27, of the General Laws of Rhode Island, notice is hereby given of the pendency of the aforesaid bill, and of the fact that the General Assembly at its January Session, A. D. 1909, passed an Act to incorporate the Tiverton Electric Light Company, passed by the General Assembly at the January Session, A. D. 1909. Said bill provides that said corporation shall be empowered to erect, lay, use and maintain lines of wires and conduits, and to conduct wires for electrical purposes connected with such business, in, through, over and under public highways, streets, thoroughfares and sidewalks in the town of Little Compton, and to use the same for the purpose of generating and transmitting electric power, and also, with the consent of the owners, to use over any private property and buildings in said town of Little Compton, such power for the purpose of lighting in accordance with the regulations and orders and by the permission of the town council thereof.

Tiverton Electric Light Company, GEORGE R. LAM, President.

March 11, 1915—11-1-2u

Large Returns

Have been received in past years from

USING OUR

ONION SEED

AND OUR

Macomber Turnip

As well as other seeds.

Be sure to get the Genuine

At the Store of

H. L. Marsh & Co.

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By E. Barker.

PEOPLE

In the

West and South

desiring to buy or rent

Newport Real Estate

would do well to confer with

MINNION HAZARD,

259 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

PRINTED

CALLING

CARDS

CLOSELY RESEMBLE

THE ENGRAVED

SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

Best Prices

PAID FOR

Old Engravings

Wiseman's Art Store,

112 Bellevue Avenue,

—Rt

ENGRAVED

CALLING

CARDS

CORRECT STYLES

EITHER FROM CUS-

TOMER'S PLATE OR

FROM NEW PLATE

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

WEDDING

INVITATIONS

OR

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE ARE PREPARED

TO FURNISH ENGRAVED

WEDDINGS, IN ANY

STYLE, AT REASONABLE

PRICES, AND SHALL WEL-

COME AN OPPORTUNITY

TO SUBMIT SAMPLES

WITH PRICES.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

"Is Maud much of a talker?"

"Well, when she stops you notice it's a good deal."—Boston Transcript.